Saturday Review

JANUARY 31, 1953 TWENTY CENTS

THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

By YEHUDI MENUHIN

(See Recordings, page 39)

John Phillips, author of "The Second Happiest Day."
(See page 11)

The Russians Conquer Marx

By IVAR SPECTOR

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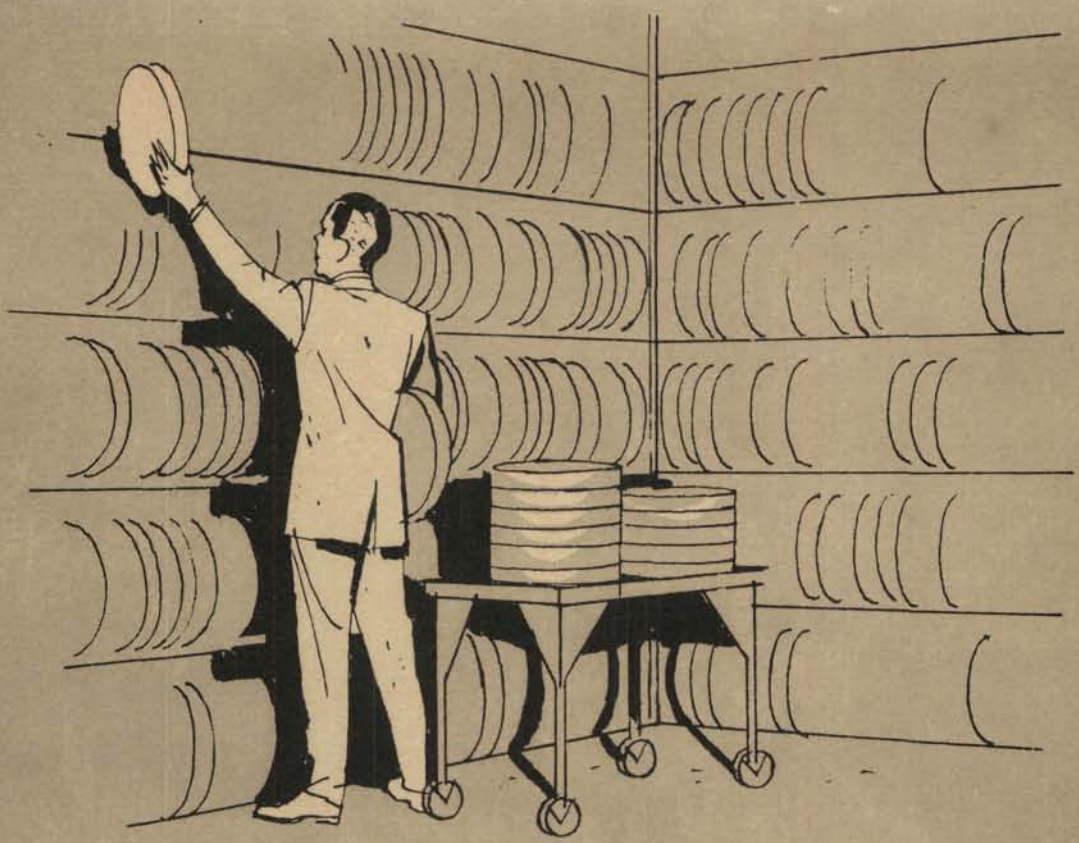

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Good News

▶ The U. S. Department of Agriculture has just made three good newsworthy announcements. Sugar-cane workers in Louisiana will be paid fair and reasonable wages in 1953 by producers who apply for Government payments under the Sugar Act of 1948; main point in the 1953 wage determination is that the wage differential of fifty cents per day between male and female workers is eliminated. Second is the news that two plant scientists, after a 36,000-mile search, have discovered in South India coffee hybrids resistant to a rust disease that is a serious threat to the coffee industry of the Western Hemisphere. Third is the announcement that USDA entomologists have developed EQ-53, a formula that will soon enable housewives to mothproof all washable woolens simply by pouring a few spoonfuls of the solution into the washing machine or tub.

▶ Elementary school children in Amory, Miss., sent one hundred dollars as their contribution to the Crusade for Freedom. Radio Free Europe is broadcasting their message of friendship to children in Iron Curtain countries. The young contributors raked leaves, acted as baby-sitters, appeared before adult service clubs, and sold home-made candy to earn the money they contributed.

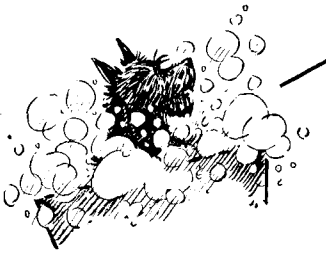
▶ For Indians unable to secure commercial loans, the U. S. Bureau of Indian Affairs administers a revolving loan fund. To date, more than nineteen million dollars has been paid out; and of this amount less than one half of 1 per cent was cancelled as uncollectable.

▶ Although international air carriers suffered a bad year, the Civil Aeronautics Board announced that during 1952 scheduled airlines operated within the United States with the best safety record in commercial aviation history.

▶ A new law adopted by the Brazilian Chamber of Deputies makes race discrimination in Brazil a legal offense. The move came after cases of prejudice and discrimination were found to be increasing in hotels and resorts.

▶ Tuskegee Institute has reported 1952 as the first year in American history without a lynching. The report made clear, however, that other forms of violence and lawlessness still prevail and much remains to be done in the fields of human and race relations.

Pardon Our Pride!



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¶ If you haven't read much about Columbus or Napoleon since you left school (or even if you have), chances are you will be surprised by the opinions expressed on these eminent personages in two new novels. For in THE VELVET DOUBLET James Street suggests that Columbus was a villain; and in WHY WATERLOO? A. P. Herbert says that Napoleon was not.

¶ THE VELVET DOUBLET has been called "a historical novel in the grand tradition." It is a fine, fast-moving story about Inquisition Spain and the voyage to the New World. It is told in the first person by a sailor who feels very bitter towards Columbus for having cheated him out of the velvet doublet promised to the first to sight land.

¶ James Street is a well-known American novelist who enters a new field with THE VELVET DOUBLET. A. P. Herbert is a witty English author somewhat better known for making history than for writing it.

¶ Herbert became interested in Napoleon after visiting Elba. Finding that few people knew much about the Emperor's stay on that island, he investigated the facts for himself. His conclusion was that Napoleon's reputation had been traduced by an English Colonel named Campbell, and his book is a strongly felt British apology to "France's greatest man."

¶ THE VELVET DOUBLET and WHY WATERLOO? offer a contrast in the technique of the historical novel. The former centers on an unimportant person whose life was largely recreated by Street. The latter focuses on Napoleon, and, except for a few invented portions, is strictly factual. Both books knock the dust off their historical subjects; and both make fine reading.

¶ But it is doubtful whether even Herbert, who brought about the reform of the British divorce laws, could get his countrymen to celebrate Napoleon's birthday. And it is certain that, regardless of how much they like his book, Americans won't insist on accepting Street's view of Columbus, since doing so might mean no more holidays on October 12.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

¶ THE VELVET DOUBLET and WHY WATERLOO? are published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

(Advertisement)

The Saturday Review

JANUARY 31, 1953

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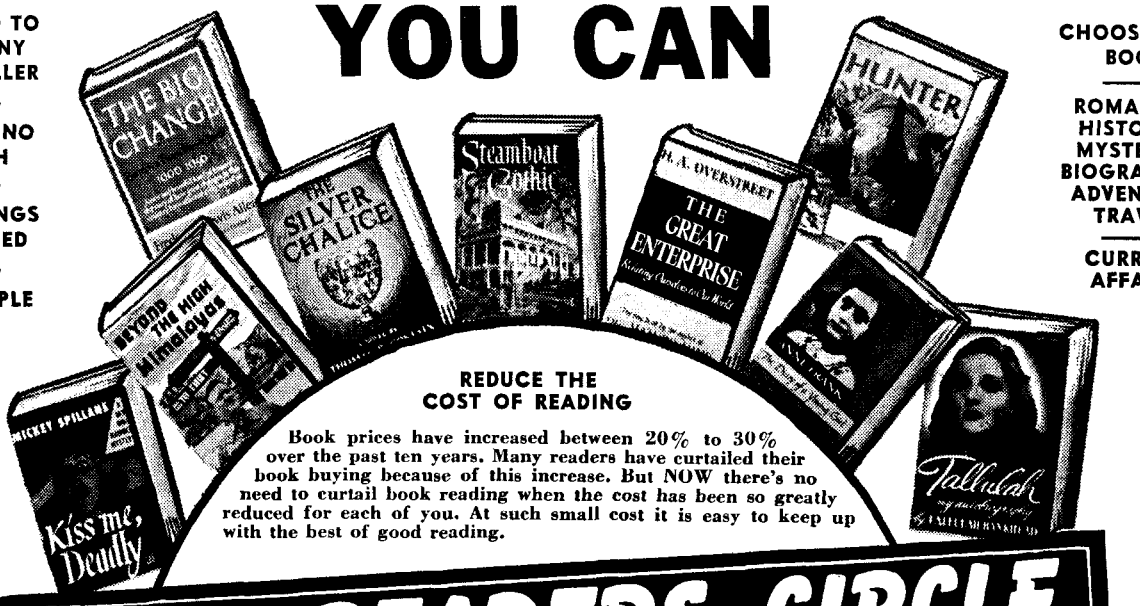

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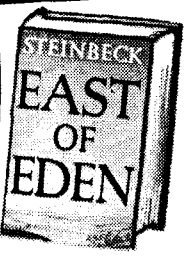

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The Glitter and the Gold—C. Vanderbilt Balsan
The Great Enterprise—H. A. Overstreet
The Sea Around Us—Rachel L. Carson
Beyond the High Himalayas—William O. Douglas
Good For A Laugh—Bennett Cerf
The Big Change—Frederick Lewis Allen
Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl
From Under My Hat—Hedda Hopper
The Last Resorts—Cleveland Amory
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TRADE Winds

CALIFORNIA BOUND

I WONDER HOW MANY TRADE WINDS readers saw a U.P. dispatch from Rome describing the feud between the parish priest and the Communist mayor of the town of Neviano Ardiuni. The feud began some time ago when the mayor proclaimed a fiesta for the Reds. Father Follezani promptly announced free movies in the church the same day. When the mayor tried to

make a speech the priest rang the church bells so loudly nobody could hear a word. Then the priest painted a sign on the wall of the church reading, "Christ reigns, Christ conquers." The mayor ruled that the sign constituted outdoor advertising and taxed the church $76.

Father Follezani refused to pay the tax, claiming it would violate a law exempting the church from taxation on "publications or posters relative to the spiritual guidance of the faithful." "Nonsense," snorted the mayor, "the words are out-and-out advertising because in the long run they tend to increase the number of baptisms, weddings, and benedictions, thereby bringing in earnings to the priests."

To date the national Government has refused to interfere in the controversy, hedging behind a ruling that "the issue merely involves an interpretation of the Italian constitution." "But," insists columnist Robert L. Perkins, of Denver's *Rocky Mountain News*, "if this isn't Don Camillo to the life, I'll join the ranks of *The New Yorker's* hungry critics and eat my Stetson."

"DURING DEPRESSION DAYS," relates Alice Bullock, of Santa Fe, "when advertising inches were being pursued with even more vigor than now, rival papers in a small town in Northern New Mexico were slugging it out. The anemic evening paper, as an extra inducement, took to reprinting each ad that appeared during the week in a throw-away sheet, distributed free and in generous quantities each Friday morning. After the first issue of the *Supplement*, as they called it, they proudly announced in blackface type over the banner on page one, "The Combined Circulation of the *Evening Sun* and *Supplement* is over 6,000." The outraged editor of the competition promptly countered, in the same position in his paper, "The Combined Circulation of the *Morning Bugle* and *The Saturday Evening Post* Is Over Four Million." . . . Broadcaster Robert Trout had occasion to visit the dog pound one afternoon in Washington and was so touched by the plight of the mangy mongrels he saw there that he interpolated a plea into his newscast that night: every listener who mailed in a five-dollar bill would not only save the life of a defenseless dog, but would receive said dog for his very own. Some days later the director of the pound told Trout, "Did you slay them with that broadcast the other night! The five-dollar bills are still pouring in. In fact, they've arrived in such quantities we've had to put on a dozen extra dog-catchers to satisfy the demand."

AN AUTHOR WHOSE LAST BOOK had been published in 1944 talked interminably about the novel he was going to begin "next month." "Obviously," commented Melville Cane, "he's resting on his orals." . . . Quiz from Gilda Greene, of Providence: Q. Who can marry women? A. Mencken. Q. Why does a girl use a towel after her bath? A. It Dreiser. Q. What does the aforementioned girl's towel dry? A. Erskine. Q. How would Eugene give a command to genuflect? A. O'Neill. Q. For how much is Jane indebted? A. Jane Austen dollars. . . . Had enough? Just Greene and bear it! . . . Another Greene, yclept Abel, Grace's gift to *Variety*, detects a distinct French influence in Tin Pan Alley. Examples: "Matisse This Thing Called Love?," "I'm Always Chasing Rimbauds," "When Derain Goes a-Pitter-Patter," "Maillol Kentucky Home," "Picasso Love You," "Roualt, Roualt, Roualt Your Boat." . . . I'll be out of town by the time you read this paragraph. . . .

ANYBODY PLANNING to get in touch with your humble correspondent during the month of February will find him in close proximity to the swimming pool at La Quinta, California That's a spot Cleveland ("Clip") Amory deemed worthy of mentioning almost in the same breath as Newport

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Southampton, and Palm Beach in his hilarious "The Last Resorts" (a book I hope to write more about in a succeeding column). Obviously, Clip hit La Quinta on a day we all were wearing our shoes. . . . This winter, if the readers of TRADE WINDS will bear with me, I'll try writing my February columns under the hot sun and cloudless skies (sometimes!) of Southern California, thereby getting my vacation from puntificating all at one whack in the summer. I've got a bag-full of notes with me. I only hope Danny Kaye's talented bride, Sylvia Fine, will be around, as she was last year, to help fill the gaps!

SPEAKING OF DANNY KAYE, he opened a long run at New York's famed Palace Theatre in a blaze of glory just before I left. The way he wraps a sophisticated audience around his little finger must be seen to be believed. . . . **Danny was a guest of the Savoy Hotel** in London at the same time George Macy, director of the Limited Editions Club, was there. Macy received a bundle of laundry in his room one day and discovered that something new had been added—a colony of lively and repulsive red ants. Macy yelled for the maid, the valet, the floor-waiter, and the assistant manager, all of whom viewed the ants with no great surprise. "This is the Savoy's day for ants," management observed. "Danny Kaye [he pronounced it "Kye"], right down the hall, found *his* underthings full of them too when they came up from the laundry." "I know," snapped Macy. "I could hear him having fits from here." "True," admitted management suavely. "I didn't think it extraordinary that Mr. Danny Kye should have ants in his pants, Mr. Macy, but one would hardly expect it from a quiet literary chap like you." Macy surrendered to the inevitable and stood the assistant manager to a drink.

DANNY KAYE'S FIVE-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER, Dena, saw her daddy clown in a theatre for the first time during his recent record-breaking engagement in San Francisco, burst into tears at the con-

clusion of his introductory number. "Take me out of here," she implored between sobs. "It's terrible. Everybody's *laughing* at my daddy." . . . Her mother, Sylvia, wisely persuaded

---

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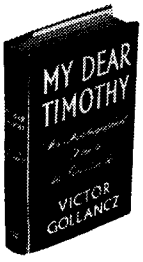
In part, *My Dear Timothy* is a soaring to the heights, in part a plunging to the depths. In its total impact it becomes one of the outstanding spiritual self-disclosures of our time, hailed as a "landmark of autobiography" by the dean of British booksellers, WILSON of BUMPUS—and other outstanding men and women of letters whose opinions are cited below.

In his frank examination of three sensitive and explosive areas of human life — sexuality, religion, and politics — VICTOR GOLLANCZ can start little insurrections in the minds and hearts of the complacent, whether they be on the left or right — and yet without offense or impropriety.

An English childhood, pictured vividly against the background of "a procession of the seasons," an Oxford education in the golden years before 1914, lovingly described, provide a prelude for the author's Socratic dialogues on good and evil, on Socialism, on Plato, on music, and for the "long movement of mind" that carried VICTOR GOLLANCZ from the intense Judaic orthodoxy of his upbringing into "an engulfing preoccupation with the reality of Christ."

In *Tim* (as V.G. calls his book within the publishing family) there are glimpses, besides, of a wonderful marriage, of American mores and men as they look to an Englishman, of well-loved landscapes in many climes, of great singers, enduring books, good talk over memorable repasts, of the riches of a full and various life, deeply enjoyed.



Your correspondents can best indicate the temper and the vitality of *My Dear Timothy* by quoting from a few of the first tributes:

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—ESSANDESS

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THE BEACON PRESS, 25 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Mass.

her to go backstage, and for the next performance stationed her in the wings. When Danny requested a glass of water it was Dena who toddled onstage with it. The audience roared its approval. This was something else again! The applause and laughter were for her! From that moment Dena demanded to be included in the act. . . . It runs in the blood!

IN BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA, Bernard Perry, director of the Indiana University Press, is rejoicing over the success of Donald Sheehan's "This Was Publishing," a chronicle of the book business in America from the Civil War to 1914. Does it give you a jolt to know that as far back as 1885 *The New York Times* was complaining, "Publishers know nothing about the art of advertising and, consequently, few books sell"? In 1877, Blair Scribner wrote, "We are loath to publish much of the current scientific literature because it is mostly atheistic in its tendency." In 1890 *Publishers' Weekly* was horrified when a book was used as a soap premium. In 1903 Henry Holt scolded a historical novelist, "Your erotics are a little more outspoken than they need to be." Ten years later Holt also declared, "Royalties exceeding 10 per cent are immoral." In ninety years publishers' complaints and tribulations have changed but little, says Mr. Sheehan. The current crop just cries louder.

Most reassuring to the timid souls who believe television will sound the deathknell of the book business is the revelation of what publishers were fretting about in the 1890's. Trolley cars, believe it or not, were what the more doleful foresaw as their ruination—trolley cars and tandem bicycles! "When young people," complained one agitated bookman in 1894, "prefer bouncing down to Coney Island and back on a dangerously speeding trolley to curling up in the library with a good novel what in the world are we coming to?"

"This Was Publishing" bears out a contention I repeat every time I get the chance. Nothing—but nothing—will ever take the place of a really good book. —BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review

JANUARY 31, 1953

The Russians Conquer Marx

IVAR SPECTOR

Ivar Spector

I SUPPOSE almost every American would agree with Lord Brougham's utterance that "education makes a people easy to lead, but difficult to drive; easy to govern, but impossible to enslave." To us education means independence, the freeing of the mind to take whatever road of inquiry it will. To the Soviets it means something quite different. In the USSR education is asked to discipline the mind, not to free it. The newspaper *Pravda* expressed the Soviet attitude most succinctly when it editorialized: "The task of the school is to arm the student body, not only with the knowledge of special disciplines, but also with the powerful weapon of a materialistic philosophy of life." That weapon, however, has not been forged without a good deal of frenzied battering in the Soviet school system.

The story begins in the immediate aftermath of World War II. The war played havoc with the Soviet educational system. Large areas of European Russia were deprived of the necessary facilities—schools, libraries, and equipment—essential to the operation of the educational system. The shifting of extensive elements of the population in advance of the invading armies, and their ultimate return, interfered still further with normal educational routine. The war likewise depleted the ranks of the trained teaching personnel, especially in the elementary and high schools.

Thus the paramount issue confronting Soviet educational authorities immediately following the conflict was the reconstruction and repair of the physical plant, the solution of the textbook bottleneck, replenishment of libraries, and the training of teachers to fill existing gaps. Reconstruction was accomplished rapidly, although at great sacrifice, and with the lavish use of prisoners-of-war and slave labor. Once the emergency had been surmounted and the educational machine set in motion, Soviet authorities paused to assess what had been accomplished and were appalled by the low standards, the obsolete texts in use, the inadequate training of teachers, both as regards subject matter and ideology.

Since 1947 Soviet propaganda agencies have clamored for the raising of academic standards and for greater emphasis on ideological training, neglected during the war years. For success in teaching, according to G. Vlasov, director of the Moscow Regional Department of Popular Education, the USSR must prepare "not only buildings, equipment, and textbooks, but first of all the teacher himself, by arming him ideologically, by improving his professional qualifications, and by promoting a further broadening of his outlook." Instead of beginning with the lower rungs of the educational ladder, Soviet officials focused their "daily concern and attention" on the higher educational system, and they have hammered away at it ever since.

FROM 1947 to 1951 the Soviets concentrated on raising educational standards and on rebuilding their ideological fences. As the Cold War between East and West developed, the ideological program was intensified, until it has now assumed priority over all other educational issues. Most complaints against Soviet colleges and universities during this period concentrated on faulty textbooks, pro-Western or "cosmopolitan-minded" professors, and incompetent administrators. Nevertheless, we were assured from time to time that all these difficulties had been overcome, that the educational system—ministering to more than fifty-seven million students of all categories—had undergone a thorough housecleaning and, operating with "true Bolshevik efficiency," was superior to any other system in the world.

Then in the summer of 1951, out of a clear blue sky, Soviet educa-

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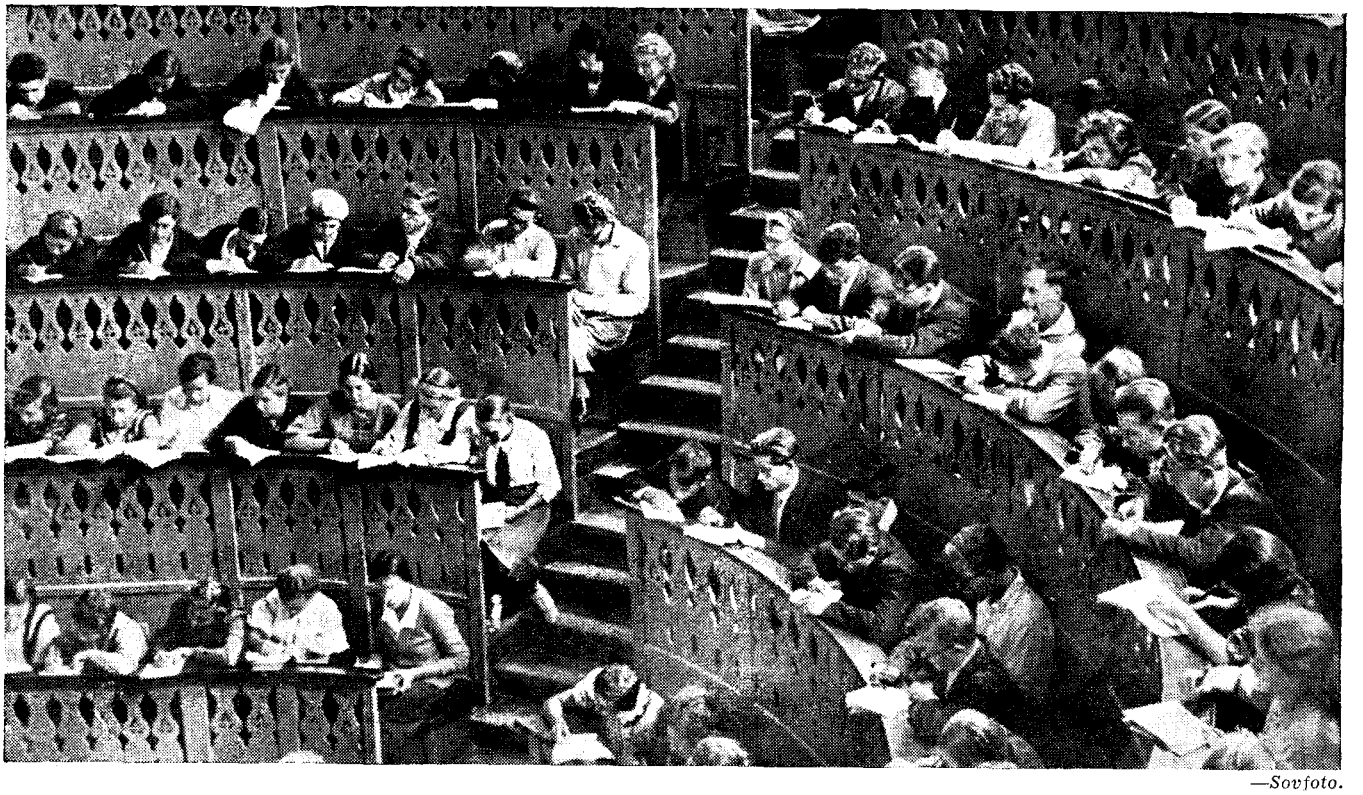

—*Sovfoto.*

Attending a lecture at Moscow State University—"Marxist-Leninist teaching remains the weakest spot in postwar Soviet education."

tional and Party leaders from Riga and Kiev to Vladivostok began in succession to confess in their own newspapers and periodicals that many Soviet schools of higher learning are ideologically bankrupt and havens for mediocrity.

A scathing editorial in *Pravda* (August 10, 1951), entitled "Raise Teaching Standards in the Social Sciences," lamented: "The unsatisfactory situation in the teaching of the social sciences in some higher schools of learning discourages the lively interest of students in the study of Marxism-Leninism. As a result, the higher schools often graduate young specialists who lack sufficient knowledge of Marxist-Leninist theory." This can be explained primarily by the fact, continued *Pravda,* that "the Ministry of Higher Education and local Party organs fail to pay sufficient attention to the selection of professional and instructional personnel."

Such confessions—and there appears to be no end to them—indicate that Marxist-Leninist teaching has been and still remains the weakest spot in postwar Soviet education. The significance of this tacit admission will be better appreciated in this country if we bear in mind the fact that the principle back of all Soviet education is the well-known Stalin dictum that it should be "national in form, Socialist in content." And because lack of enthusiasm in academic institutions for Marxism-Leninism has begun to undermine the Soviet system, the implication is that the Government will not be satisfied with the removal of a few inadequately trained or recalcitrant individuals. Both faculty and students as a whole will be screened.

UNTIL recently, with a view to safeguarding ideological interests, the Ministry of Higher Education was prone to fill key positions with "figureheads," noted rather for their zealous support of the Party line than for scholarly achievement. These "political commissars" of education were expected to insure adequate attention to Marxist-Leninist ideology in the schools. Judging by the stories told of these "figureheads," it appears that some had heads but lacked the figures, others with figures lacked heads, while still others had neither heads nor figures. In brief, this attempt to substitute politicians and yes-men for academicians, it is now admitted, has produced neither good Bolsheviks nor good scholars.

A recent editorial in *The Literary Gazette* on "The Moral Aspect of the Soviet Scholar" illustrates still further the deterioration of Soviet scholarship in postwar years. In the USSR, where educational or research projects long have been the order of the day, and where any project was better than none, many have proved to be as inappropriate as if they had simply been pulled out of a hat. Others never got beyond the paper stage. It seems that academician A. A. Grigoryev, head of the Institute of Geography of the USSR Academy of Sciences, on more than one occasion had put over projects of an "un-Marxist and speculative nature." It is said that he selected his collaborators for their willingness to boost the project in hand rather than because of their qualifications for handling it successfully. The result appears to be that although his team stuck together and indulged in much mutual backslapping, progress in geographical research has been retarded instead of advanced.

The same editorial complains that many educators, once they have secured a Ph.D., have abandoned further research. Being unproductive in their respective fields, they have, according to *The Literary Gazette,* wormed their way to administrative posts, where until now they have managed to maintain a precarious foothold. Their associates sometimes have proved to be more adept at backstairs intrigue than at scholarly pursuits. A medical professor at the University of Irkutsk, when she challenged a colleague's lack of adequate theoretical training, fell victim to a malignant whispering campaign. It is alleged that other heads of scientific institutions have unscrupulously appropriated the results of research actually carried out by their colleagues.

The Moscow University Law School, accused among other institutions of harboring ignoramuses and persons

(*Continued on page 33*)

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Quest for the "Lost"

ARTHUR MIZENER

SINCE the Nineties, we have had in our literature only one Generation, the Lost one. (The generation that really got lost was the Thirties; only a few novels, like Robert Cantwell's "Laugh and Lie Down," even tried to define it.) The Lost Generation began to take shape in a series of "quest" books, autobiographical novels in which the protagonists reviewed their lives in search of the peculiar significance of their time. Except for Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise," most of these novels have been forgotten (some, like Benét's "Beginning of Wisdom," unfairly), though they made possible the two brilliant novels of manners which gave definition to *The* Lost Generation, "The Great Gatsby" and "The Sun Also Rises."

We may now be seeing the beginning of another Generation. In the last few years war novels have been giving way to quest novels, some pretty good, like John Cornish's "The Provincials," some pretty bad, like Roswell Ham's "The Gifted." With John Phillips's "The Second Happiest Day,"* we have something like a new "This Side of Paradise."

By any standards it is a remarkable first novel, particularly admirable because it grows on you with time. As I read it, I kept feeling that this is very fine, but of course no first novel can keep it up; I kept looking for the let-down, but the let-down never came.

"The Second Happiest Day" is written with an unostentatious sensitiveness which is astonishing in so young a writer and delightful at a time when every second book you pick up is a bad imitation of Faulkner's most inflated rhetoric. Mr. Phillips has obviously learned a good deal from the novels of his father, John Marquand. He has Marquand's trick of characterizing people and places by a very careful selection of the kind of external details which indicate taste and character and Marquand's habit of starting near the end of a story and then going back in such a way as to make us see the events simultaneously as immediate and moving experience, and as experience recollected with ironic detachment. And he uses a reticent narrator, just as Marquand does, to let the scenes speak for themselves whenever he wants them to. But it is one thing to understand these narrative devices, another to use them as successfully as Mr. Phillips does. As T. S. Eliot once observed, bad writers only borrow; good writers steal. I suspect Mr. Phillips has robbed his father so successfully because he is one of those rare cases of a son who has actually inherited a kind of understanding.

"The Second Happiest Day" takes as its representative group the people who were born about 1923, went through New England preparatory schools like Groton and Ethel Walker, through Eastern universities and colleges like Harvard and Bennington, and emerged into the cold, cold world of New York business and society. Mr. Phillips knows all about this world and describes its manners with acuteness and authority. He can show you the prep-school crowd at New York parties, the St. Grottlesex "White Men" and the Jerks who call Martinis tinis at Harvard, the young advertising men and lawyers at wedding receptions and cocktail parties; and you always feel you have really been there.

His people are of two kinds. They are people like Lila Norris, whose fashionable, henna-haired mother is a formidable manager of her husband, her children, and a magazine called *Blythe*. They are people like George Warwick Marsh III, who at sixteen inherited $50,000 a year when his father ended a typical Jazz-Age career by jumping from the window of a hotel where he had been dining with what the *Herald Tribune* chose to call an entertainer. Or they are like Gus Taylor, the narrator, and Chee Wee Gibbons, people from simple backgrounds who have, by accident or intention, become parts of Lila's and George's world. The people who constitute the world in which these major characters live are wonderfully varied and very solid; Mr. Phillips's eyes

*THE SECOND HAPPIEST DAY. By John Phillips. New York: Harper & Bros. 409 pp. $3.75.

THE AUTHOR: When "The Second Happiest Day" appeared the other day, there wasn't much known about the author, aside from a fact or two. He was John Phillips; John Phillips was John Phillips Marquand, Jr., the son of John Phillips Marquand. A call to Harper's, his publisher, promptly established a third fact: Phillips was in Europe, had been there since the fall. Well, with Phillips incommunicado, there seemed to be no alternative to a sketch based on a kind of chain-telephone-call. A second call to Harper's yielded a bonanza. "John's twenty-eight, a little under six-feet, a-hundred-seventy, non-athletic, with blondish hair," said a Michael Canfield at the other end. He then introduced himself as the twenty-six-year-old son of Cass Canfield, chairman of the board at Harper's, a member of its publicity staff, and an old friend of Phillips's to boot. "John was born in Pittsfield," Canfield went on. "He prepped at St. Mark's School. He went to Harvard." As for the novel, Phillips had worked on it for two-years-plus. He'd quit *Cosmopolitan*, after a turn at *Good Housekeeping*, to give it his full time. Phillips, Canfield emphasized, was rather sensitive about two things—"one, his Marquand name because of his father, a fact he didn't want known in the first place; two, about his work being compared to Fitzgerald's. He thinks it's an easy criticism to make." Canfield, after noting that Phillips was something of an extrovert, rang off by saying he did not know Phillips's exact European whereabouts. Neither did Marquand, Sr., it turned out. "Might be Italy, Spain, Africa," he speculated over the phone. He suggested a call to John Appleton, a Harper's editor and an old friend of Phillips's. "He's in France," Appleton began. "Anyway, that was my last report. As for John's novel, it was no surprise to his friends. The surprise was that he could write with considerable talent, on the ground that genius isn't inherited." *Good Housekeeping*'s phone was answered by Phillips's ex-secretary. "John?" she sang. "The girls at *Good House* and *Cosmo* found him quite wonderful. Shy. No extrovert." A moment later, John O'Connell, *Cosmo*'s editor, was on the wire. "John had a great sense of humor," he summed up. "Anyway, one day—July 1950—he left rather suddenly. The novel." The novel appeared this week. —BERNARD KALB.

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and ears are so sharp that even the most anonymous of his people are defined for us. There are the admirable simple people like Gus's Aunt, and the fatuously weak ones like his Uncle; there are the wise older people like George's stepfather and the elderly flappers like his mother. There are the attractive contemporaries like Fuzzy Eaton, who delights in singing the Whiffenpoof song to Yale men in a parody Groton accent. There are the cheap ones like Harry Tilton ("Glad to have you aboard, Gus-bo. Step up and buss the blushing bride. One kiss and it's rationed, not too long and not too wet.") And there are the contemporaries like Cuppy Vale who have instinctively understood from the beginning the hard wisdom of being themselves ("Don't scold me. . . . I'm not in the swim. . . . I'm the crew manager type.")

Of the major characters, George Marsh, the brilliant schoolboy, never grows beyond playing solemnly and trying to dominate people through the humble generosity of the sportsman ("Sport-o," he calls his friends). Lila, who has more courage than George, tries bravely to grow up, but in the book's final scene refuses to leave a cocktail party ("F. Scott Tilton's Donkey Roast" its host calls it) with Gus because the host has just invented "a sensational new game with the wire recorder." Chee Wee Gibbons stays on the merry-go-round, sustained by "her privately cherished ideal . . . of the graciously endowed woman." ("Wallis Warfield Simpson," she says. "Now there's a woman who went about things the right way.") Only Gus escapes into the world of people with integrity and seriousness.

This is the world of Mr. Phillips's chosen group and these are its significant choices. Its young men have fought in one war and are being called back to fight in another. Some have been heroes like Fuzzy Eaton and Cuppy Vale; some have ducked into easy assignments as did Harry Tilton. But none of this is essential, and you believe in Mr. Phillips's generation precisely because he knows that essential experience is personal and that its important occasions are the small ones on which a society defines its moral attitudes by its manners. If this is true—and I think it is—"The Second Happiest Day" is not just a good novel; it is also a significant one, one that will give shape to a generation by providing it with a way to understand its own unique experience.

Arthur Mizener, the author of a biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald, "The Far Side of Paradise," is professor of English at Cornell University.

Outcast & Pope

HADRIAN THE SEVENTH. By Frederick Baron Corvo. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 350 pp. $3.50.

By Robert Halsband

ONE of the strangest talents in recent English literature is Frederick William Rolfe, who for most of his books assumed the name of Baron Corvo. He exists as both a personality and a writer, and the fact that the one was repellent enhances the interest of the other. Into his disordered life he crowded tedious years as a schoolmaster, fruitless ones as a student for the priesthood, impoverished ones as painter and writer, and final ones in Venice as a dissolute tramp.

When A. J. A. Symons read "Hadrian the Seventh" some years after Rolfe's death, he began "The Quest for Corvo," a record of the evidence with which to construct a biography. The paranoiac who emerges in Symons's book—itself a fascinating mixture of personal memoir and detective research—is the same as Hadrian, but through that exalted character Rolfe had delivered as the apologia for his life a melodrama that seethes with passion, fire, and fustian.

For "Hadrian the Seventh," originally published in 1904, is a gorgeous daydream in which Rolfe revenges himself on the world and exalts himself as the Supreme Pontiff of mankind. His story opens with the bitter and truculent George Rose sitting in a lodging-house garret; a cardinal and a bishop visit him to right the twenty-year wrong that has kept him from his calling. Then in a brief dramatic scene at the papal conclave in Rome he is unexpectedly elected the successor of St. Peter. When he is asked whether he would prefer to be called Leo or Pius or Gregory, he answers: "The previous English pontiff was Hadrian the Fourth: the present English pontiff is Hadrian the Seventh. It pleases Us: and so, by Our Own impulse, We command."

That imperious statement sets the mood and the pace of the extravaganza that follows. Hadrian summons to their rewards the (few) friends of his past life; he issues papal epistles to de-revolutionize the world; he sells the Vatican treasures for the benefit of the poor; he continues to bestow rewards on the worthy with the beneficence of a fairy godmother; and he crowns his good works by acting as the Supreme Arbitrator of world peace and government. But his final scenes are personal heroics: to his cardinals he delivers a long impassioned defense of himself (*i.e.*, of Frederick Rolfe); and then after calling on the King of Italy—where we are treated to a scene of royal domesticity as full of coo's and ah's as a radio breakfast program—he is assassinated in a carefully staged cinematic tableau. As he dies, an ineffable smile lights up his face: he has at last found out the Secret of Love. As for the others: "The world sobbed, sighed, wiped its mouth; and experienced extreme relief."

If the fantastic success-story of Hadrian is Rolfe's "compensation" (as the jargon goes) for the shabby failure of his career, the character of Hadrian is also an idealization of his personality. With all his quirks and oddities Hadrian is superbly virtuous, celibate (though fond of having clean-limbed youths around him), shrewd with a feline cleverness, implacably successful. Hadrian dies with the perfect satisfaction of having found a sacred peace; Rolfe died (in 1913) in the lowest depths of poverty and depravity.

It is a strangely compelling book, frequently sparked by dialectic and forensic, glittering with epigram, wit, humor, and verbal coinages. Its origin in the decade of *The Yellow Book* is clear enough: its hero is sensually a cousin of Huysmans's Des Esseintes (and of *his* cousin Dorian Gray); but what raises it far beyond that decade's preciosity is its bitter and sinewy intellectuality. In his own day Rolfe's Toto stories were more popular, but today their quaintness—they are like animated Maxfield Parrishes—makes them hardly readable. "Hadrian the Seventh," even though it is a kind of caviar, is at least (as D. H. Lawrence remarked) caviar out of the belly of a live fish. It is still a strong and salty literary nourishment.

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Maternal Rivalry

STRANGE LOVERS. By Armando Meoni. Translated by Elisabeth Abbott. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 224 pp. $2.75.

By Harrison Smith

MR. MEONI'S publishers do not offer any information about him, whether this is his first or his last book, or in what rank he stands amongst his talented countrymen. But his book reveals the unmistakable qualities that we have come to expect of the contemporary Italian novelists; it has a vitality that springs from the soil and from the poverty and simplicity of people whose life has not essentially changed for generations.

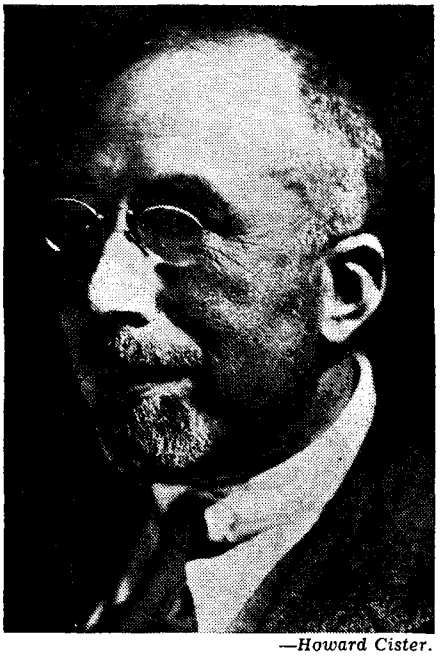
This is a love story, but not of two devoted lovers; a cruel and even a repulsive story that would be unbelievable if Meoni lacked the ability to create authentic characters. From the first to the last page his youthful heroine, Nella Baracci, is destined for tragedy. She lives with her younger sisters in a small house in an ancient village in which all the girls from adolescence to the day of their marriage work in the local factory. One by one the youths who toil beside them fall in love; the duty of the maiden is to arouse passion and leave it unsatisfied until it is blessed by the priest. Nella Baracci is like and yet unlike her companions. She cannot wait, and consequently one day finds that she is pregnant. Nevertheless, all might have gone well with her if she had not discovered that she was the illegitimate child of an unknown woman and her father, an itinerant worker. She unearths the record of her birth and runs away early one morning to her true mother in a remote town.

Giovanna Multi is a still attractive courtesan, a woman with a comfortable apartment, many male friends, and a young lover whom, in the immemorial way of her kind, she supports. Nella is her only child, almost forgotten through the years. She weeps over this beautiful daughter suddenly thrust into her household, and then makes use of her in her trade. The girl accepts the embraces of the men, young and old, who visit her mother's apartment. To be asked to make love constantly is in her simple mind one of the facts of life, the humble destiny of a woman, as acceptable to her nature as the first kiss of her village seducer. "She has," one of her mother's more philosophical friends asserts, "a gift for making love." Soon everyone knows that Nella is pregnant. How she can best rid herself of her child is the constant subject of conversation in her mother's living room.

Nella is sent away for a month's holiday with an older and lonely man who has fallen in love with her. He offers her a last chance to escape. She can come to his home, marry if she wishes, or simply be his companion and housekeeper, living happily with her child.

But Nella has made another fatal discovery. She has fallen in love with the young man her mother adored, the man who night after night had stolen away from her sleeping mother's bed into her own room. She returns to him, and the old exciting conversational game continues. Now it appears that she must be rid of her child. Nella is a magnet attracting affection and tenderness from the coldest and most rapacious of her mother's friends, but they cannot understand why she should love an unborn baby. The end is, of course, inevitable suicide; she walks out one morning straight into the headlight of a speeding streetcar.

Almost anything may happen to precocious girls who run away from home; but "Strange Lovers" is more than a new version of a tragedy that has been told many times. If Meoni had failed to make his heroine's naivete and complete lack of moral discrimination comprehensible, his novel would be merely shocking and outrageous. It may have that effect on many readers who will be unwilling to surrender their prejudices and to give "Strange Lovers" the understanding its pitiful story deserves.



—*Howard Cister.*

Frank Swinnerton—"massively presented."

Small Timeserver

AN AFFAIR OF LOVE. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: Doubleday & Co. 349 pp. $3.75.

By Harvey Curtis Webster

ALTHOUGH Frank Swinnerton has published more than thirty books during the past forty years and none of them have sold badly or been damned heartily, he has neither won the esteem of the critics and professors nor become well known as a popular author. Nearly everyone knows or knows about such early novels as "Nocturne" and "Young Felix," yet it is doubtful if more than a few have taken the time to read all of his sympathetic novels about London's lower middle-class or all of his generous and perceptive studies of modern British writers.

Perhaps this is because Mr. Swinnerton is not a spectacular writer. Like the novels that preceded it, "An Affair of Love" has none of the technical pyrotechnics one associates with Joyce, little of the shocking sense one expects from Forster; it is not full of ideas as most of Wells's novels are, nor, certainly, has it the characteristics of the "well-made" novel Henry James's admirers have almost turned into a vogue. "An Affair of Love" is what once was called without deprecation a solid novel. The characters and the background of London are massively rather than subtly presented; the action is plausible and interesting rather than brilliantly conceived or astounding.

The novel's chief character, James Probity, is the son of a "radical" politician who publicly prides himself upon his "progressive humanitarianism," while secretly he takes money from those he seems to oppose. After his father's death, young Probity is taken in by Aunt Bess, whose motto is "Trust Nobody," and in her dreary London house he learns alternately to overvalue himself as a great man's son and undervalue himself as a weakling unable to cope with a difficult environment. Near-sighted, frail, and solemnly serious, he dreads and feels superior to Olga, Flossie, Harold, Uncle Perce, and the others who make his second home a Dickensian nightmare.

Still James Probity survives and prospers. Once he finds work with the Liberal *Courier,* he rarely makes the mistake of saying what others don't want him to think. Anxious to be sincere and honest as he presumes his father was, his anxiety to please

(*Continued on page* 35)

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EDITOR'S NOTE: *At the turn of the century, in Vienna, Sigmund Freud fired a series of shots in the form of learned papers and books that have been heard around the world. The revolution passed far beyond the field of medicine, in which it began, to every form of intellectual activity. One measure of its influence is the great number of books on psychiatry, psychology, and psychoanalysis published each year bearing the mark of Freud on every page. We have asked four authorities, three of them psychiatrists, one a philosopher, to discuss thirteen of the many volumes published during the past year, commenting on them from the point of view of Freud and his interpreters (page 14), the attacks on psychiatry and psychoanalysis (page 16), man finding himself (page 18), and problems in the rearing of children (page 19).*

1. The Dragon's Teeth of Freud

FRANZ ALEXANDER, M.D.

FREUD considered his theory of dreams as the best-founded portion of psychoanalysis. In his autobiographical notes he stated that whenever he began to despair of finding terra firma in the elusive field of psychology, the study of dreams always restored his confidence. He called the dream the "royal road" to the unconscious mind. There is little doubt today that the publication of "The Interpretation of Dreams" in 1900 was a milestone in the advancement of human knowledge. In 1901, one year after the publication of this monumental work, Freud wrote a short discussion on the same topic, "On Dreams," now available in a new translation.* This brief abstract is by no means a substitute for the original work, but it retains the flavor of the workshop and the fundamental ideas are presented in a concise and intelligible form.

The understanding of the primitive thought processes which underlie dreaming opened up a new perspective on the human personality. Every person, whether normal or morbid, is capable of dreaming and this is an unassailable proof that the human mind embraces more than rational, conscious thought processes and feelings. Understanding dreams is equivalent to learning a new language which, unlike conscious thought, primarily uses pictures instead of words. It can be compared with picture writing in contrast to alphabet writing.

The basic thesis of the Freudian theory is that the function of the dream is to aid rather than disturb sleep. The aim of sleeping is rest. By seeking a quiet place, closing our eyes, and withdrawing our interest from the outside world, we can to a considerable degree exclude disturbing stimuli from without. We cannot, however, protect ourselves from internal stimuli such as the pressure of unfulfilled wishes, of an unfinished job, of the frustrations of the previous day—worries and feelings of guilt which continue to prey on our minds during sleep.

Dreams attempt to reduce these disturbing internal stimuli so that sleep may be prolonged. How do dreams accomplish this function? The sleep-preserving function of the dream can be best illustrated by the simple "wish-fulfilment dreams" of children. Such childish dreams can be understood without difficulty as the undisguised gratifications of unfulfilled wishes of the preceding day.

The significant contribution of Freud was that after long years of painstaking study of dreams—both of his own and of his patients—he succeeded in developing a technique whereby the latent, unacceptable meaning of dreams could be reconstructed.

Most of Freud's contributions have undergone some modification, proposed either by Freud himself or by his followers. Very few additions have been made to the theory of dreams, however. It is one of the few classical scientific achievements which has withstood the most critical scrutiny of half a century.

Freud's analysis of the case of Dora* occupies as prominent a place in the history of psychoanalytic therapy as Freud's "Interpretation of Dreams" occupies in the development of psychoanalytic psychology. It was originally published in 1905, four years after Dora's treatment was ended. This treatment took place fifty-one years ago, but contained all the fundamental principles of psychoanalytic therapy as it is practised today.

Freud states that one of his primary reasons for publishing this case was to demonstrate the use of dream interpretation as an instrument of treatment. Most of what we learn about the unconscious background of Dora's multiple hysterical symptoms (periodic inability to speak, nervous asthma, migraine headaches, tedium vitae) are on the basis of two dreams which Dora produced during the treatment.

Dora's is the first published case of a patient who was treated by means of the new method of "free association" with which Freud replaced his earlier therapeutic experimentations, cathartic hypnosis and direct suggestion. In retrospect, the greatest significance of this publication consists in a finding which is only peripherally touched upon in it, a finding which as far as treatment is concerned overshadow all other discoveries of Freud: the recognition of the transference phenomenon.

Dora, eighteen years old at the time of her treatment, was exposed to most disturbing events during her adolescence. When she was sixteen, a friend of her father whose wife was her father's mistress made sexual advances to her. She slapped his face and ran away, thus defending herself against her own violent affection for this man of her father's age.

FROM one of her dreams which occupy the central place in this treatment, Freud drew the conclusion that Dora evaded her present conflict by regressively turning back to her affection for her father. This precipitated the earlier conflicts of her childhood in relation to her father. Dora's love for her father was mixed with resentment. The latter was accentuated by the fact that father did not want to believe her account about Mr. K's advances. Dora understood that her father closed his eyes because he did not want to break up his friendship with the K's lest it end his illicit affair with Mrs. K. She felt that her father sacrificed her for his own purposes.

From a second dream which was reported two days before the termination of the treatment, Freud recognized—though too late—that Dora unconsciously wanted to take revenge not only on Mr. K, but also on her father, and—which from the point of view of the treatment was most impor-

*ON DREAMS. By Sigmund Freud. Translated by James Strachey. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 120 pp. $2.50.

*THE CASE OF DORA AND OTHER PAPERS. By Sigmund Freud. Translations by Joan Riviere, Alix and James Strachey, R. C. McWatters, E. B. M. Herford, and E. Colburn Mayne. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 243 pp. $3.50.

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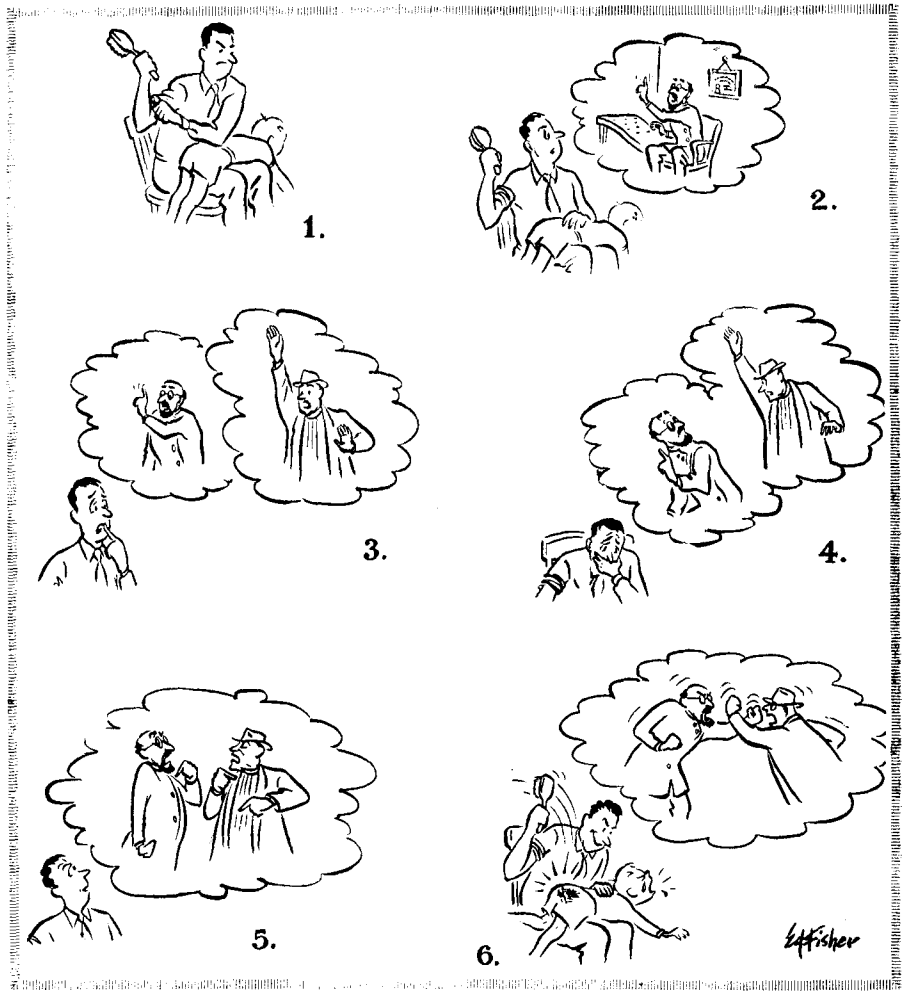
tant—also on Freud, to whom Dora began to transfer her latent ambivalent feelings. She used the therapist as a substitute for both the father and Mr. K. This displacement of feelings is what Freud called transference. Dora's revenge was to break off her treatment and deprive Freud of a great therapeutic victory which at this time was almost in his grasp.

It is in this publication that Freud first discussed the significance of the transference which, if it remains unrecognized, often leads to therapeutic failure, but which if correctly handled is the strongest weapon in curing a neurotic condition. In the transference the old traumatic feelings of childhood are revived and the ego is given opportunity for a new settlement of an unresolved conflict. It is the transference which makes the analytic therapy a meaningful emotional experience for the patient. Intellectual understanding alone has only limited therapeutic value.

Dora's case history belongs to the great classics of medical literature in which Freud's psychological genius appears in an unsurpassed fashion.

Along with the impeccably translated new edition of "The Case of Dora" appear several equally well-translated shorter papers by Freud. Among these, one entitled "The Most Prevalent Form of Degradation in Erotic Life" is of special interest for cultural historians. Here Freud describes a widespread peculiarity of middle- and upper-class Victorian society—the incapability of the young man to unite tender and sensual feelings toward the same woman. Due to the repressive and depreciative attitude towards sex, so characteristic in the Victorian era, the maturing man is likely to divide women into two classes: the marriageable "good" woman who belongs to the category of his mother and sister, and the unmarriageable "bad" woman who belongs to the lower classes or the demimonde. Since sex was thought to be a degrading matter and never was mentioned in the family, the "good" woman could not become the object of such a base instinct. As a result, sexual longings were felt only for the deprecated class of women and were inhibited toward those whom one could love with tender affection. In the older generation this conflict often still exists today.



WILHELM STEKEL popularizes Freud's view that in their sexual aberrations people revive infantile forms of sexual gratification in a volume called "Patterns of Psychosexual Infantilism."* In this book, edited and well translated by Emil A. Gutheil, Stekel illustrates his thesis by means of an avalanche of descriptive but undigested short and long case-histories. The histories are of quite heterogeneous origin, and in addition to Stekel's own observations include a large quantity of second-hand material, including other physicians' reports, autobiographical notes, and even newspaper notices. These examples are sidelighted by loose theoretical concepts; the cases are not worked up from the psychodynamic point of view and have the flavor of a sideshow display of psychiatric oddities. Psychoanalysts refer to this type of superficial use of analytic concepts as "wild analysis." Because of this quality in his work, Stekel remained on the sidelines during the development of this science and his influence on the advancement of psychoanalytic thought remained negligible.

Theodor Reik's "The Secret Self"* stands in sharp and refreshing contrast to this primer of psychiatry. It is probably the most mature and sophisticated book of this prolific psychoanalytic author. It is written on a topic which is closest to Reik's heart: psychoanalytic sidelights upon great writers and their works. His esthetic sensitivity and profundity alone would make him a great critic; this combined with his knowledge of Freudian depth psychology makes his book a unique treat for anyone for whom reading a great book means an experience.

For Reik, the essence of psychoanalysis is an "inner experience." He deeply resents the current trend towards mechanization, standardization, and therapeutic expediency which favors the advent of the "therapeutic technician" and threatens the detached explorer of the unconscious mind with extinction. Reik is one of the last of the Mohicans. More than any other psychoanalytic writer, he draws his knowledge of the unconscious mind equally, or perhaps even more, from the study of great dramatists and storytellers than from the study of his patients. His affectionate admiration for the great masters and his spiritual kinship with them are the clue to the genius of this true representative of the rapidly vanishing literati of pre-war Vienna. One therefore does not resent Reik's too obvious self-deception when he presents trivial episodes

*PATTERNS OF PSYCHOSEXUAL INFANTALISM. By Wilhelm Stekel. Translated by Emil A. Gutheil. New York: Liveright Publishing Corp. 412 pp. $5.

*THE SECRET SELF. By Theodor Reik. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 329 pp. $3.50.

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from his practice as an excuse for his literary digression into commentaries about Goethe, Shakespeare, or Heine. A patient, a fifty-year-old, cultured, and brilliant man who falls in love with a young, simple, and superficial salesgirl, reminds Reik of Heine's affair with his Parisian grisette wife, Mathilde. This leads to a convincing explanation of one of the most basic factors in such seemingly incongruous attachments—the appeal of childish ignorance and unadulterated intuition which affords the aging lover a rejuvenating experience by arousing the "child in the man." In the course of the discussion we soon forget the patient whom Reik used merely as a not too convincing alibi for his study. It almost appears that the litterateur Reik must appease the therapist Reik for acting as a literary commentator.

In the chapter on "Saint Irony," however, no patient is mentioned. The hero is Anatole France, the topic the still uncharted territory of the psychology of irony, the source material the story of "Our Lady's Juggler." Barnaby, the illiterate juggler, is taken into a monastery where he is frustrated by his inability to express his devotion to the Blessed Virgin properly as do the learned monks. He is caught by them when he secretly juggles six copper balls and a dozen knives before the altar. As they are about to interrupt this sacrilege, the monks see the image of the Virgin walk to Barnaby and wipe the perspiration from his brow with her robe. Reik, with a subtle analysis of biographical and literary data on Anatole France, advances a convincing explanation of the essence of France's irony, and irony in general. Irony is a reaction to disillusionment. "The adult man who became a sage looks back at experiences of his youth, at the beliefs and affections of his early years. When those old illusions try to re-emerge, the man feels angry and contemptuous, but his violent and aggressive impulses are blended with the older emotions of affection and respect. By their influence, fury and scorn are mellowed. Anger is mitigated to irony, and scorn to pity." This chapter is perhaps the finest and most original contribution in this book of collected essays which are full of insight into the delicate meshwork of the unverbalized processes of the unconscious mind.

Franz Alexander is director of the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis and professor of psychiatry at the University of Illinois. Dr. Alexander is the author of "Psychoanalysis of the Total Personality," "Our Age of Unreason," and other books.

2. *The Ivory Couch*

FREDERIC WERTHAM, M.D.

At present this nation has more psychoanalysts—and incidentally more murders and more comic books—than any other two or three nations combined. We are told that there are still not enough psychoanalysts. I believe that there are too many analysts, but not enough analysis. These sombre reflections are engendered by four recent books which in one way or another belong to the what-is-wrong-with-psychoanalysis school.

Robert Lindner is a Reik-trained psychologist with considerable experience in analysis of prisoners. In "Prescription for Rebellion"* he starts out by stating the plight of modern man: "If ever there was cosmic tragedy, this is it." He believes the trouble is that people are being influenced to "adjust" instead of being educated for "rebellion." The fault lies, he finds, with psychoanalysts, psychiatrists, and a lot of other people, among them the "partisans of causes, criers of ideologies, makers of philosophies." All of them exploit "the adjustment fallacy." He also calls this "the game of adjustment" or an "orgasm of adjustment."

Instead of developing his thesis on the foundation of concrete data from biology, sociology, or psychology, Dr. Lindner repeats and extends it in the course of the book: "Almost every kind and variety of neurosis, every form and aspect of psychosis, every degree and type of criminality, every shade and cast of unhappiness, and every sort and stripe of psychosomatic illness is a compromise formation between rebellion and adjustment." This is so all-embracing that it becomes devoid of meaning. One gets the impression that what the author wants is for people to rebel against adjustment and adjust to rebellion. In this way they will escape the fate of developing the "flat features" of the "Mass Man." What this is he does not precisely explain.

When it comes to taking critical issue with other writers—a form of "rebellion," I suppose—Dr. Lindner does not take a clear stand. He is ambiguous about a writer so important to the context of his thesis as Jung. He believes that Jung was "sympathetic to the Nazis," but wishes to differentiate his "political views" entirely from his "contributions to psychology." The real scientific problem would be, of course, how and to what extent the two are interrelated. Although Lindner is critical of orthodox psychoanalysis, he takes at their face value some of the falsest and most conservative dogmas: *e.g.*, that the infant's attitude toward "his precious excreta govern[s] his ethical relations with his fellows and determines his moral behavior" as an adult. This is certainly exaggeration and oversimplification. Even worse is the dogma he cites about children's inborn hostility: "[small children] are characterized by violence, hostility, aggressiveness, and smoldering resentment." What a distorted view, and what an evasion of social causation! The author's easy formula, "the alternative to adjustment is rebellion," makes it simple for him to dispose of anything. Communism, for example, is "adjustment disguised as rebellion"; Alfred Adler advocates "a resigned process of continuing adjustment"; "adjustment is the keynote of Rankian therapy"; Karen Horney "smokes the opium of adjustment."

I cannot "adjust" myself to this book, nor is it clear enough to "rebel" against. It has two great faults. In the first place, the problem is wrongly posed. There is no such thing as an abstract "adjustment" or an abstract "rebellion." However you define "adjust," every human being has to adjust to some extent, and the real questions are: to what extent, in what areas, at what time, and with what rationalization? You cannot help human beings by psychoanalysis, or any other method, if you confine your perspective to two abstractly formulated categories without a humble regard for the nuances of their individual lives. Secondly, the whole social and philosophical attitude of the book is anarchistic. Freedom and emancipation are not achieved that way. This kind of thinking leads to confusion and makes people helpless. In its effect, therefore, this book is not a *prescription for re-*

*PRESCRIPTION FOR REBELLION. By Robert Lindner. New York: Rinehart & Co. 305 pp. $3.50.

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bellion, but a *recipe for submission.*

Andrew Salter, author of "The Case Against Psychoanalysis"* is a consulting psychologist. Suppose his book were not about Freud's discovery of psychoanalysis, but about Roentgen's discovery of X-rays. He could have said, quite truthfully, that from the very beginning, experienced surgeons "of the highest professional achievement and reputation," whose opinion "cannot be lightly dismissed," objected to the X-ray method on the ground that it was not necessary, since anything a surgeon needed to know he could find out by other methods.

According to Salter, practically everything about psychoanalysis is invalid. With a show of indignation he writes about Freud and psychoanalysis using such terms as "gaucherie," "incredible nonsense," "utterly unscientific," "dead ends, darkness, and decay," "strange science," "unsound," "I shall force myself to take [Freud's position] seriously," "ridiculous," "inaccurate and old-fashioned sexual monomania," and "moronic." At the end of the book he summarizes his own therapy, for which he invokes the name of Pavlov—although Pavlov expressed the opposite view about what one should search for in a neurosis. In such a sweeping condemnation, Salter has little room for the many real problems of psychoanalysis.

Sebastian de Grazia is a political scientist who has worked extensively for the Army. His "Errors of Psychotherapy"** is a wordy, loosely organized, and a bit diffuse attack on psychoanalysis, psychotherapy, and psychiatry. Although it contains some good observations and interesting quotations, its critique does not come off well because it does not define its problems clearly or accurately.

His "attack" on modern psychotherapy is mostly along moral and religious lines. He says that psychoanalysis made an effort to turn "existing ethics upside down" and gives as his first example its claim that "children are sexual." More perhaps than most other psychotherapists, I believe that many emotional problems are ethical problems; but Freud's discovery that, in our civilization at least, children have sexual potentialities was a scientific observation previously unknown to psychiatry. Ethical judgment can neither affirm nor deny such a clinical finding.

It seems that De Grazia wishes to reform modern psychotherapy so that it will become more religious, and modern religion so that it will become more psychotherapeutic. He is impatient with those who believe that confession and the psychoanalytic session are essentially unlike. He discusses their supposed differences and finds them insignificant. But he fails to mention the difference which is essential from the point of view of both scientific psychotherapy and theology. In religious confession a man does not confess to a person; he confesses to God. It is important to realize this difference because only on that basis can psychotherapists treat patients who at the same time are going to religious confession. (It must be admitted that some psychoanalysts behave as if they *were* God, but that is something else again.)

CRITICAL of Freud in many respects, but building on many of his contributions to psychology and psychiatry is Calvin S. Hall, psychology professor and author of "The Meaning of Dreams."* Over a period of six years, with the help of students in his Western Reserve University classes, Dr. Hall collected data about some ten thousand dreams. He seems to think that a study of dreams in a series such as his is a unique contribution, whereas clinically in analytic therapy it is—or ought to be—the rule.

Hall's book is described by his publishers as proving, in disagreement

with Freud, that "dreams are not just wish-fulfilments of two principal drives, sex and aggression." Yet toward the end of his book he seems to restrict moral conflicts to the impulses of "fighting and cohabiting." His discussion of "aggression," like that of so many other contemporary authors, suffers from the fact that it does not become clear to the reader whether he means it entirely in the sense of "hostility."

I cannot agree with the author that a person without clinical experience can interpret his own or other people's dreams. While some of the details in this book are instructive, as a whole it seems to me to show the opposite of what it sets out to demonstrate. For me the thesis which emerges from it is that to analyze one's own dreams is a most dubious undertaking, and that to analyze another person's dreams correctly and usefully one must know very much more about his life than his dreams.

I am afraid that these four books will not be of help to the general reader. After all, the subject with which they deal, the general status of psychoanalysis and psychotherapy today, is not so difficult. Technically, we know a lot about it. Practically, we withhold psychotherapeutic help from those who need it most desperately. Many years of work in clinics have convinced me of that. Nor have I, except in private practice, seen anything of what De Grazia calls "the coddling of physical disease that goes on today." Learned discussions as to when a patient will be cured or improved are less important than the obligation—yes, the moral obligation—to give help to those in need of it. There is a host of books on psychotherapy today which reflect everything except the living human being with his troubles caused or accentuated by a troubled society. Too many writers on psychiatry view a psychiatric ward as if it were the world, and the world like a psychiatric ward.

Psychoanalysis *is* indicated for certain neurotic patients. Maybe that is a sign of our society, too, and one can envision times when other methods will be employed. What characterizes so many books on psychoanalysis today is an attitude of superficial snobbism. The justification for all forms of clinical psychotherapy is that they can help a patient. They cannot straighten out the problems of the world—which is their fashionable claim today. We must be on guard lest psychoanalysis and psychotherapy are not misused as an evasion of the immediate social problems confronting us. Reading these four books I got the feeling that patients, psychotherapists, and psychotherapists' critics are all in danger of suffering from the same disease: the belief in an ivory tower with a couch on top.

**THE CASE AGAINST PSYCHOANALYSIS. By Andrew Salter. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 250 pp. $2.50.*

***ERRORS OF PSYCHOTHERAPY. By Sebastian de Grazia. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.*

**THE MEANING OF DREAMS. By Calvin S. Hall. New York: Harper & Bros. 244 pp. $3.*

Frederic Wertham, psychiatrist, is director of the mental hygiene clinic of Queens General Hospital, New York City, and the author of "Dark Legend" and "The Show of Violence."

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3. Psyche & the Man

H. A. OVERSTREET

THREE energy systems make up the challenge of life: "impersonal nature," "other people," and "ourselves." The challenge of the first we have met with gratifying success; that of "other people" less well. But the challenge of "ourselves" we have met least successfully of all. This might seem strange, since we are nearest to ourselves and should know ourselves best. The joker, however, is that we have a pretty persistent and devastating way of getting in the way of ourselves. As individuals, groups, and nations we look through the glasses of our own preferences and prejudices; and the vision is not so good.

We begin to realize that the troubles of our troubled world, and of ourselves in it, stem not so much from outer circumstance as from self-ignorance and inner confusion. "Man must be arched and buttressed from within," wrote Marcus Aurelius, "else the temple wavers to the dust." For lack of inner buttressing our temples are wavering all over the landscape. More than ever, it appears, there is need for self-comprehension.

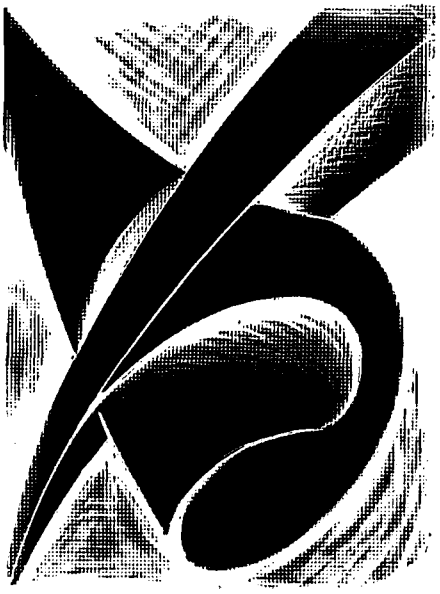
Hence the high value of every book that brings new psychological insight. Hence the value of three recently published books, each of which goes at the problems of our inner life in its own unique way, and each of which adds measurably to our self-awareness.

In "The Mind in Action,"* Dr. Eric Berne gives us an over-all picture of our psychic selves, beginning with the basic equipment of body and mind we have to work with. He describes the human being as an energy system whose chief problem, like that of any other such system, is "to find the path of least resistance for the discharge of tensions." The individual's tensions show themselves mainly "in the tendency to take what he wants when he wants it, and to destroy immediately anything that gets in his way." Here obviously is the source of our chief human problems, and the business of wisdom becomes that of learning how to make adjustment between our own strivings for tension-relief and the equally determined strivings of others.

One thing that complicates the human situation is that we think we are always seeing "reality" and acting in terms of it, when in fact we see only our own mental images. Most of the defeats of life arise out of a too wide discrepancy between these images of ours and reality itself. The basic need is to bring image and reality more closely together.

The two most powerful urges, Dr. Berne indicates, as did Freud, are the creative and destructive (libido and mortido). These are the raw material out of which mankind builds its world. Libido is satisfied by anything which gives the feel of "approach," while mortido is roused by anything which gives the feel of "separation." The problem of mankind is to learn how to augment "approach" experience and thus diminish the defensive need to resist and destroy.

It is impossible in a brief space to do justice to the richness of insight this book contains. While its survey of ourselves will leave the alert reader



with more questions than answers, it will give him a respect for the difficult efforts to explore the jungle terrain of ourselves. The jungle is still there; but paths are being hacked.

In "The Well-Adjusted Personality,"* Dr. Phillip Polatin and Ellen Philtine pursue the exploring of our tensions. "We maintain our balance," they write, "by achieving a reasonable compromise between the pressures within ourselves and the pressures of society, between what we want and what we get, between our aspirations and our limitations, whether the latter arise from economic circumstances or from our own deficiencies." The aim of preventive psychiatry is to help people achieve a "balanced flexibility." The chief obstacle to this is any rigid demand for conformity. Such a demand is defeating, they believe, for we "cannot judge individual normality by averages." Each individual, in psychic as well as physical being, is unique; and his problems must be resolved not in terms of what is normal for the average, but of what is *normal for him.*

WITH this warning in mind, that each person must be understood within his own unique system of stresses and strains, the authors consider the psychic plight of individuals in one situation after another: students in college, people in the work life, husbands and wives in marriage, parents in relation to children, people growing into the older years. In each case the situation is made to reveal its competing tensions; and the psychiatric function in the book is to show how such tensions can most happily be resolved. The chief aim of life the authors aptly call "emotional wisdom," by which they mean the clear comprehension on the one hand of our own powers and limitations, and on the other, of the outer pressures of our world.

The chapters in this book are down to earth and finely practical. The whole book, indeed, ranging widely as it does over the human scene, yet dealing with concrete problems in specific situations, ought to yield insight not only to those who are inwardly troubled but also to those who try to help the troubled.

For this writer, Rollo May's book—"Man's Search for Himself"*— holds a peculiar excitement. For years I have been of the conviction that the time has come when philosophy, in its attempt to interpret life, must take into account not only what has emerged from the mathematical and physical sciences, but what has more recently and in amazing degree emerged from the psychological sciences. Rollo May's book gives me the delighted feeling of doing just this thing. Here philosophy builds itself on a deepened as well as more accurate sense of life.

The book begins, significantly, with

*THE MIND IN ACTION. By Eric Berne. New York: Simon & Schuster. 320 pp. $3.50.

*THE WELL-ADJUSTED PERSONALITY. By Phillip Polatin and Ellen C. Philtine. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 266 pp. $3.95.

*MAN'S SEARCH FOR HIMSELF. By Rollo May. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 281 pp. $3.50.

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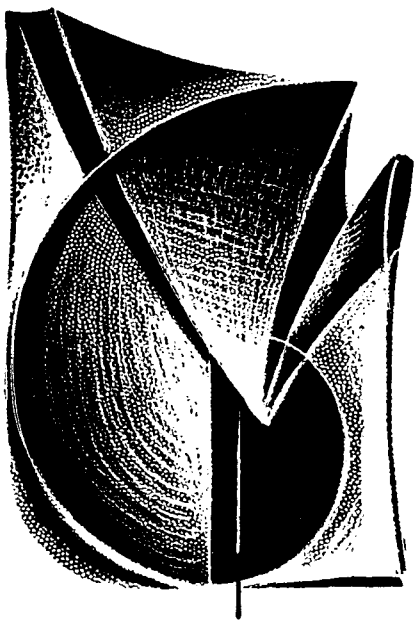

4. The Mirror of Children

GRACE MCLEAN ABBATE, M.D.

the major predicament in which we find ourselves in this anxious time of the world. "It may sound surprising when I say, on the basis of my own clinical practice as well as that of my psychological and psychiatric colleagues," Professor May writes, "that the chief problem of people in the middle decades of the twentieth century is *emptiness*." The problem, in short, is more than that of isolated disordered psyches but of a whole disordered society. "Man's Search for Himself" is the search we are all of us having to make in an age when values have largely gone aglimmering and we have lost our way.

The feeling of emptiness he speaks of comes out of a feeling of powerlessness. These lead to anxiety and loneliness and to a blocking off of the most precious qualities of human being. Since we get our confident feeling of being selves and knowing values out of our relatedness to other persons, it is these relatednesses that above all we need to set right. In four chapters of profound insight, the author explores ways in which we can achieve such relatedness through freedom, creative conscience, courage (the virtue of maturity), and the transcendence of time. These chapters mark a new high in psychological, philosophic, and religious insight. They point the way to a reintegration of our dispersed values and to an invigorating sense of the why and how of life.

H. A. Overstreet, professor emeritus of philosophy of the City College of New York, is the author of a number of books on psychology, including "The Great Enterprise: Relating Ourselves to the World," and "The Mature Mind."

AT LONG last, parents are being given consideration as human beings. For years they have been bombarded with the written and spoken word—on the radio, in books, magazines, and newspapers, and more recently on television—advising, exhorting, and scolding them about the rearing of their children. They have been told what to do, what not to do, threatened with the grave consequences of specific attitudes and behavior, and subjected to undigestible doses of psychological theories. For many parents this has made their relationship with their children so uncertain and artificial that, as more than one parent has said, "it's reached the point where I stop to think over almost everything I do with my child, and then I'm afraid to do it."

But two books have been published to help parents gain a more reasonable perspective. To help make the state of being a parent more natural, warm, and mutually comfortable Dr. Hilde Bruch, especially, in "Don't Be Afraid of Your Child,"* comes charging to the rescue of parents. Despite a certain facetiousness of approach at times and a "crusade for parents" feeling, she presents a thesis greatly to be lauded: that parents can enjoy their children, can set up controls for them, and can be active and self-reliant human beings in their roles as parents. She endeavors to help people develop a sounder perspective and philosophy of parenthood—one that will permit them to recognize their own inner resources and capacity for judgment, thus regaining a spontaneity of action and feeling.

For some time, child psychiatrists have been concerned about the way in which psychoanalytic theory, as well as the teachings of Dewey, Kilpatrick, etc., have been distorted in the rearing and education of children. Thus, to psychoanalytic concepts and teachings have been attributed the idea that any frustration causes neurotic disturbances, that any deprivation imposed upon the child is necessarily evil, and that any interference from the world of the adult damages the child's process of emotional growth. In accordance with these misconceptions, the atmosphere of child education, which includes parent and school influence, must be permissive, non-thwarting, and non-restrictive.

It is true that there was a period two to three decades ago when early psychoanalytical concepts as then applied to the education of children, particularly those of the middle-class, gave impetus to the removal of most controls; but psychoanalytic experience soon revealed that the uninhibited, undisciplined child developed many anxieties and disturbances. This knowledge, however, was integrated into the teaching and guidance of parents and educators only partially or not at all. Today, we know that for the development of an adequately adjusted personality it is necessary for the child, and particularly the young child, to be exposed to the control of his parents and teachers. Nevertheless, we still find, all too often, permissiveness and an "adults-hands-off" attitude the prevailing philosophy both in homes and schools.

THE phantasy of childhood as a period of undisturbed happiness was long ago discarded, but adults persist in striving for a perfect childhood for their offspring. Dr. Bruch emphasizes that it is absurd to suppose that the absence of authority and coercion would, in itself, lead automatically to the development of a strong, healthy personality. To be sure, we are all concerned in helping the child to be comfortable and adequate in his life situations, with an emotionally mature adulthood as a more distant goal. We recognize that children need freedom of expression, encouragement to follow their individual talents, and sufficient latitude to experiment and make and learn from mistakes. But children also want and need order and regularity. They want and need adult guidance and authority that they can trust and respect. The results of the type of thinking that tries to protect the child from all frustration and anxiety shows up in clinical practice today—in adolescents and young adults who have little awareness or consideration for other human beings, often at the

(Continued on page 32)

*DON'T BE AFRAID OF YOUR CHILD. By Hilde Bruch. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 297 pp. $3.75.

Grace McLean Abbate, a specialist in the psychoanalysis of children, is psychiatric consultant with the Child Study Association and the Jewish Board of Guardians in New York City.

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Music. Yehudi Menuhin observes elsewhere in this issue (page 39) that Western music bears the impress of two strong personalities, the composer's and the interpreter's. Re-creative the interpreter's art may be, but art it unquestionably is, and as such of vast concern to the listening public. It is always instructive when a performer discusses the shaping of his, or her, musical personality, especially so when the performer is of the stature of Kirsten Flagstad. With the aid of Louis Biancolli, the outstanding Wagnerian soprano of our day has written an absorbing autobiography (see below). Unfortunately, the interpreter's concern in the contemporary musical marketplace cannot be exclusively esthetic. There is the towering problem of making a living. Cecil Smith gives an illuminating inside story of this situation in "Worlds of Music" (page 21).

Great Soprano in Difficulties

THE FLAGSTAD MANUSCRIPT. By Louis Biancolli. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 293 pp. $4.

By Roland Gelatt

WHEN Kirsten Flagstad, unknown and unheralded, first appeared on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in February 1935, she set off a barrage of encomiums from press and public that were to continue without interruption for six glorious years. Then, in April 1941, Flagstad left America for her home in Nazi-occupied Norway and by so doing broke the chain of adulation that had been lavished upon her so unstintingly. When she returned in 1947, times had decidedly changed: in Boston, a half-empty house; in New York, a parade of vociferous pickets; in Philadelphia, a demonstration inside the Academy of Music. Yet by the time of Flagstad's farewell American performance last spring, she was higher than ever in public esteem.

This rehabilitation was owing to more than one cause. Certainly, the changing complexion of international affairs played a contributory part, as did the magnificent state of Flagstad's postwar vocalism, which helped to encourage a supremacy of artistic over political considerations. But principally it was because most of us had sifted the evidence and concluded that Flagstad was not nearly so culpable as her detractors would have had us believe. "The Flagstad Manuscript"—an ambiguous title for what is, in effect, an "as told to" autobiography—concentrates in large part on a presentation of this evidence. It confirms that Flagstad was naive but no Nazi, that she acted irresponsibly but not malevolently. I am sure that an alert district attorney could pick minor flaws in her story. Even a casual reader will notice such inconsistencies.

These details notwithstanding, it seems to me beyond doubt that Flagstad had no thought of abetting the Nazis or lending an air of respectability to the German occupation of Norway. And I think she sums up the affair well from her standpoint when she writes: "That I was politically inactive when others were sacrificing their lives I am prepared, along with millions of others, to admit. That I was neutral in my feelings toward the horrible tragedy that overtook my country is the grossest falsehood, and for a woman who loves Norway as I do, the cruelest unkindness of all."

Far more rewarding than this recapitulation of a closed incident is the picture Flagstad paints of her development from a light-voiced Nedda and Micaela to a powerful Isolde and Brünnhilde. It is the story of the gradual enlarging of her voice and of her gradual introduction to the Wagnerian roles for which she was in time to be so magnificently suited. A Swedish teacher, Gillis Bratt, was largely responsible for Flagstad's vocal technique. She began studying with him in 1918, at the age of twenty-three, and within three months her voice had grown to three times its former size. But just what his formula was, she cannot remember. "I never asked and I never was interested in how it was done. Dr. Bratt showed me what to do, and I did it." At the same time she studied at the Stockholm branch of the Dalcroze School, and to the discipline she learned there she attributes her relaxed stage deportment. The Wagnerian music-dramas came late in her musical development. "Tristan" she never even heard until 1929, when she was thirty-four and thinking of retiring as a professional singer. Indeed, many of the Wagnerian parts that she sang during her first season at the Metropolitan were new to her. The role of Kundry in "Parsifal" she learned in eleven days.

Although Flagstad does not say so explicitly, one gathers that Wagner has never been her profoundest musical passion. She did not seek Wagner out; the roles were thrust upon her. Mozart and his immediate antecedents are the composers who strike her most sympathetic spiritual chords. "Because," she explains, "I'm a classical girl. Whatever Wagner may be, that other music gives a different satisfaction; the music of Gluck, for example, or Handel. It's the precise and orderly mind of these composers that I think appeals to me . . . to my sense of tidiness."

That is surely one reason why her valedictory performances of "Alcestis" at the Metropolitan impressed many of us as the artistic summit of her career; in this music Flagstad found a true expression of her own sensibility. But there was a second reason: she sang it in English to an English-speaking audience. During the war when she sang lieder, in Zurich, to a German-speaking audience for the first time in her life, she realized "in a flash of awareness" how satisfying it was that poet and audience spoke the same language, and with "Alcestis" in New York she experienced a like satisfaction. Of the postwar Flagstad it was universally remarked that she imbued the text of what she sang with a sense of shape and meaning never apparent in her earlier performances. She does not comment on this phenomenon in her book, but makes the significant observation: "It is very odd that I had to wait till the end of my career to make the discovery that it made a great difference to me when I knew the audience wasn't listening only to the music."

Flagstad, who stamped her era at the Metropolitan as indelibly as Caruso had stamped his a generation before, was undoubtedly the most accomplished singer *qua* vocalist that the past quarter-century produced. Louis Biancolli, who performed the function of a keen-eared amanuensis, deserves well for having organized her story into a book.

Roland Gelatt, feature editor of SR, is the author of "Music-Makers," pen-portraits of some outstanding performers, to be published March 9.

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First of the Fathers

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH: Heritage and Obligation. By Paul Hindemith. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 44 pp. $2.

By GERALD ABRAHAM

THACKERAY once, in savage mood, drew Louis XIV in all his royal splendor as Ludovicus Rex and then proceeded to break down the portrait into its component parts: Rex all wig and robes of state and high-heeled shoes; Ludovicus simply a paunchy, spindle-legged old man. In very different spirit, Hindemith, in this speech delivered at Hamburg on the occasion of the bicentenary of Bach's death, strives to break down "that banal figure which meets our eyes every day: a man in a full-skirted coat, with a wig he never lays by." He sees clearly enough "how in Bach's case towering artistic eminence and personal indistinctness, superhuman intuition and pettiness are mingled" and he reminds us that Bach not only squabbled with *petit bourgeois* authorities but was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for "stubbornness" by the not ill-disposed Duke of Saxe-Weimar. (Bach and Wagner—who was imprisoned for debt in Paris—must be the most eminent of musical jailbirds.) But he strips Bach of that famous peruke only in order to get nearer to him as a real human being, and he would like in the same way not only to strip his music of all the innumerable editorial accretions of lesser editions but to disperse the "cloud" which (in his view) is interposed by the great edition of the Bach-Gesellschaft.

That pulls one up. It is true that "at the time the complete edition appeared the technique of editing music was not so developed as it is now," especially true of the century-old earlier volumes. But it is a little naive to suppose that "today a monumental work of this sort could and should be published in a more perfect form, making the composer's idea plain to every reader and user by placing opposite each printed page a photographic reproduction of the manuscript it was set from." Hindemith can have little real knowledge of the problems presented by Bach source-texts. But one sympathizes entirely with his desire to learn from the character of the script, and so on, anything that will "reveal the attitude and intent of the composer toward his opus at the time he was writing."

He himself throws a keenly penetrating ray of perception when he draws attention to the falling off of Bach's previously amazing productivity during his last ten years. From 1740 on "a shadow seems to have fallen upon his creativeness, the shadow of melancholy," not the "melancholy of impotence" which Nietzche detected in Brahms, but the melancholy of a man "who technically and spiritually has climbed to the highest rung of artistic production attainable by mankind." "He has arrived at the end; he stands . . . before the curtain that nobody will ever draw aside." What more can he do? Only one thing: go on "serenely enhancing, serenely adorning his steepest, narrowest, humblest abode on the outermost plateau." In that lesson Hindemith sees "the most precious inheritance given us with Bach's music."

This essay is slight enough in bulk but it is an important footnote to—perhaps it was a starting-point for—Mr. Hindemith's book "A Composer's World."

Gerald Abraham, professor of music at the University of Liverpool, is the author of books on music, the most recent being "This Modern Music."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 502

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 502 will be found in the next issue.

LH LA BCDELXLWGEH

HP DNPM PFZ, LX

PEG OGGRA QPSED.

TCNNQ G. XPAZLWO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 501

Injustice is relatively easy to bear: what stings is justice.
—H. L. MENCKEN.

Notes About Notes

WORLDS OF MUSIC. By Cecil Smith. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 328 pp. $5.

By H. W. HEINSHEIMER

CECIL SMITH has been living Inside Music USA for many years, having started out as a music instructor and music critic in Chicago and spending the last four years as editor of *Musical America,* the leading trade magazine for the concert business in this country. This latter job provided him with an excellent observation post on the American musical scene, and he has been an alert observer and industrious diarist. Unfortunately, most sections of the book impress one more as the sort of writing one would expect in a magazine article and less the sort of lucid evaluation and readable presentation one would hope for in a book. However, the book offers a lot of material that should be of interest to those who are not too close to the worlds of music themselves and that, in any case, by its sheer volume will impress the reader with the magnitude of America's musical effort.

In his introductory note the author states, sincerely and sympathetically, that he has investigated some of the worlds of music much more extensively than others, partly because he "thought it best to write most about the matters he knew best and partly because the end of the book loomed in sight long before the end of its potential materials." This limitation was undoubtedly a wise decision. The worlds of music in America are not only so huge that it would take thousands of pages to describe them adequately, they are also constantly in such a boiling state of transition that by the time one puts page 78 on paper, page 19 is already hopelessly outdated. Of the twelve different worlds of music Smith makes us travel through in his book, the one he undoubtedly knows most about, the one closest to his heart, is the world presided over by the big concert bureaus in New York—Columbia Artists, NCAC, and Sol Hurok. They are the real heros of the book and, it seems to this reader, the author's secret love and the subject of his ardent admiration. Of the book's 313 pages of text matter not less than 115 are devoted to the four chapters—The Managerial

(*Continued on page* 30)

H. W. Heinsheimer is author of "Menagerie in F sharp" and "Fanfare for Two Pigeons," both dealing with the state of music in America.

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The Saturday Review

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The Power Behind the Dictator

The following is abstracted from the epilogue to "War and Peace."

A LOCOMOTIVE is moving. Someone asks: "What moves it?" A peasant says the devil moves it. Another man says the locomotive moves because its wheels go round. A third asserts that the cause of its movement lies in the smoke which the wind carries away.

The peasant is irrefutable. He has devised a complete explanation. To refute him someone would have to prove to him that there is no devil, or another peasant would have to explain to him that it is not the devil but a German who moves the locomotive. Only then, as a result of the contradiction, will they see that they are both wrong. But the man who says that the movement of the wheels is the cause refutes himself, for having once begun to analyze he ought to go on and explain further why the wheels go round; and till he has reached the ultimate cause of the movement of the locomotive in the pressure of steam in the boiler, he has no right to stop in his search for the cause.

The only conception that can explain the movement of the locomotive is that of a force commensurate with the movement observed.

The only conception that can explain the movement of peoples is that of some force commensurate with the whole movement of the peoples.

Whenever an event occurs a man appears or men appear by whose will the event seems to have taken place. Napoleon III issues a decree and the French go to Mexico. The King of Prussia and Bismarck issue decrees and an army enters Bohemia. Napoleon I issues a decree and an army enters Russia. Alexander I gives a command and the French submit to the Bourbons. Experience shows us that whatever event occurs it is always related to the will of one or of several men who have decreed it.

We say that Napoleon wished to invade Russia and invaded it. In reality in all Napoleon's activity we never find anything resembling an expression of that wish, but find a series of orders, or expressions of his will, very variously and indefinitely directed. Amid a long series of unexecuted orders of Napoleon's one series, for the campaign of 1812, was carried out—not because those orders differed in any way from the other, unexecuted orders but because they coincided with the course of events that led the French army into Russia.

II.

MEN are hauling a log. Each of them expresses his opinion as to how and where to haul it. They haul the log away, and it happens that this is done as one of them said. He *ordered* it. There we have command and power in their primary form. The man who worked most with his hands could not think so much about what he was doing, or reflect on or command what would result from the common activity; while the man who commanded more would evidently work less with his hands on account of his greater verbal activity.

When some larger concourse of men direct their activity to a common aim there is a yet sharper division of those who, because their activity is given to directing and commanding, take less part in the direct work.

When a man works alone he always has a certain set of reflections which as it seems to him directed his past activity, justify his present activity, and guide him in planning his future actions. Just the same is done by a concourse of people, allowing those who do not take a direct part in the activity to devise considerations, justifications, and surmises concerning their collective activity.

For reasons known or unknown to us the French began to drown and kill one another. And corresponding to the event its justification appears in people's belief that this was necessary for the welfare of France, for liberty, and for equality. People ceased to kill one another, and this event was accompanied by its justification in the necessity for a centralization of power, resistance to Europe, and so on. Men went from the west to the east killing their fellow men, and the event was accompanied by phrases about the glory of France, the baseness of England, and so on. History shows us that these justifications of the events have no common sense and are all contradictory, as in the case of killing a man as a result of recognizing his rights, and the killing of millions in Russia for the humiliation of England. But these justifications have a very necessary significance in their own day.

These justifications release those who produce the events from moral responsibility. These temporary aims are like the broom fixed in front of a locomotive to clear the snow from the rails in front: they clear men's moral responsibilities from their path.

Without such justification there would be no reply to the simplest question that presents itself when examining each historical event. How is it that millions of men commit collective crimes—make war, commit murder, and so on?

With the present complex forms of political and social life in Europe can any event that is not prescribed, decreed, or ordered by monarchs, ministers, parliaments, or newspapers be imagined? Is there any collective action which cannot find its justification in political unity, in patriotism, in the balance of power, or in civilization? So that every event that occurs inevitably coincides with some expressed wish and, receiving a justification, presents itself as the result of the will of one man or of several men.

Morally the wielder of power appears to cause the event; physically it is those who submit to the power. But as the moral activity is inconceivable without the physical, the cause of the event is neither in the one nor in the other but in the union of the two. —LEO TOLSTOY.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hope for U.N. & Us

▶ THE EDITORIAL "America's Will & Her Soul," by Harrison Smith [*SR* Dec. 20], interested me greatly. I suspect there is no solution for the problem of how to get others to understand us. I am convinced that no amount of preaching or writing, and no amount of material aid with or without strings tied to it, will result in full understanding. These others—Europeans, Orientals, Asiatics, etc.—are simply incapable of understanding us. Unfortunately, we'll just have to make the best of it.

Orientals and most Europeans are unable to comprehend our new outlook, which is so completely foreign to them, and they begrudge us our wealth. You cannot go to India and talk a native into understanding us. Even Indian leaders who visit us do not understand. Few adult immigrants grasp it—it is their children who do so. One must live here from childhood. . . .

As to our material wealth, don't these other nations feel that because we have so much more than they, we should share it with them? Aren't they much like the poor old woman subsisting on charity who, when visited by a social worker bringing her a Thanksgiving dinner, on seeing the basket asked, "Is there a turkey in it, and if not, why not?" By giving them material aid we may keep them from Communism but may not increase their love for us because they consider our aid a duty. At best we can only feel that they won't love us less.

I'm afraid the East is still East, and the West is still West. Let's hope the U.N. will close the gap.

LEWIS SMITH.

Pelham Manor, N. Y.

What to Do with Money

▶ I ALWAYS READ with avid attention whatever Harrison Smith has to say, whether in a book review or in an editorial. His expression is honest, sane, and vigorous. And so, while I turned with interest to his "America's Will & Her Soul" I wished that he had been less conciliatory. I should like to have had him declare (after outlining our cultural trends and achievements) that we Americans do not give a tinker's damn what our neighbors across the Atlantic and the Pacific think of us; that we know we are doing fine, culturally and in other ways, so that their harsh and insensitive criticism leaves us wondering!

While all our people, he should have pointed out, are exposed to these cultural influences, certainly only a minority are benefited, although that does not necessarily imply that this minority is sifted only from the moneyed or privileged classes. Great numbers of any class are untouched, but in America all are exposed to cultural influences. Our "cultured" brother across the ocean is arrogant and exclusive, because culture is so difficult to achieve; the masses are utterly deprived of the opportunity. And so we are not impressed; nor do we feel inferior when confronted by their criticism.

The way we have been pouring our millions into their countries would somewhat account for their calling us vulgar, because money is indeed a precious commodity there, and to throw it about as we are doing is folly in their estimation and characteristic of an uncultured breed.

We could wish that a good part of that money could be put to immediate use here in our own country in devising a really important plan, then executing it, for an extensive work-farm for hardened criminals, who could be supervised to work for their own maintenance as well as to contribute toward the upkeep of other institutions where the inmates are not able to work.

I cite only one direction in which our money could be utilized. Let us plan help for our overseas neighbors so that they can begin to help themselves, but withhold many of the millions that tend to make them despise us!

MARY GORHAM.

New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"As the Vermont delegate, may I ask: Will this revolution cost very much?"

Yogi Denied

▶ UNFORTUNATELY, A SUB-CALIBER editorial, "America's Will & Her Soul," moves me to post my first comment upon a *SR* view.

Apparently the thesis of the piece is that Americans are unable to answer foreign critics who argue ours is a land of borrowed culture and materialism. . . .

I'll tag along with your suggestion if our problem is to explain ourselves to scholarly and intelligent critics who charge "borrowed culture and materialism." But I refuse to agree that we must condition ourselves through mental yogi if we are called upon to do no more than reply to those who present their own confusion as a case against us. . . .

We, like the Communists, realize man's primary needs, before he will espouse any cause or seek to develop himself in any capacity, are food, clothing, and shelter. The Communists beat us to the punch in the ideological battle by supplying many of those desperate inhabitants of no-man's land. Consequently they gained numerous humble and obedient servants, like so many abandoned pups reluctant to leave the doorstep of the first to feed them. Now, if it must be called buying, we are countering through an attempt to buy our unfortunate neighbors a chance to sit down and consider themselves as individuals. We are not trying to buy friends or democrats. By supplying these peoples with what the Communists have used as bait to capture them, we are hoping to free them so they may explore and develop the means by which they shall be able to fulfil themselves as truly responsible individuals and nations.

We certainly are not trying to buy "spiritual things," acceptance from abroad, or spiritual salvation. Nor are we trying to buy into cultural position. We *are* asserting our faith in the dignity and worth of the individual and our belief in his right to an opportunity for fulfiling his highest potentialities.

Whether or not we are a land of materialists swathed in a mosaic of borrowed cultures is subject for theses of tremendous proportions. But here the opposition should not be allowed to wiggle through a point scored on a run from naked confusion.

TONY SYLVESTER.

Washington, D. C.

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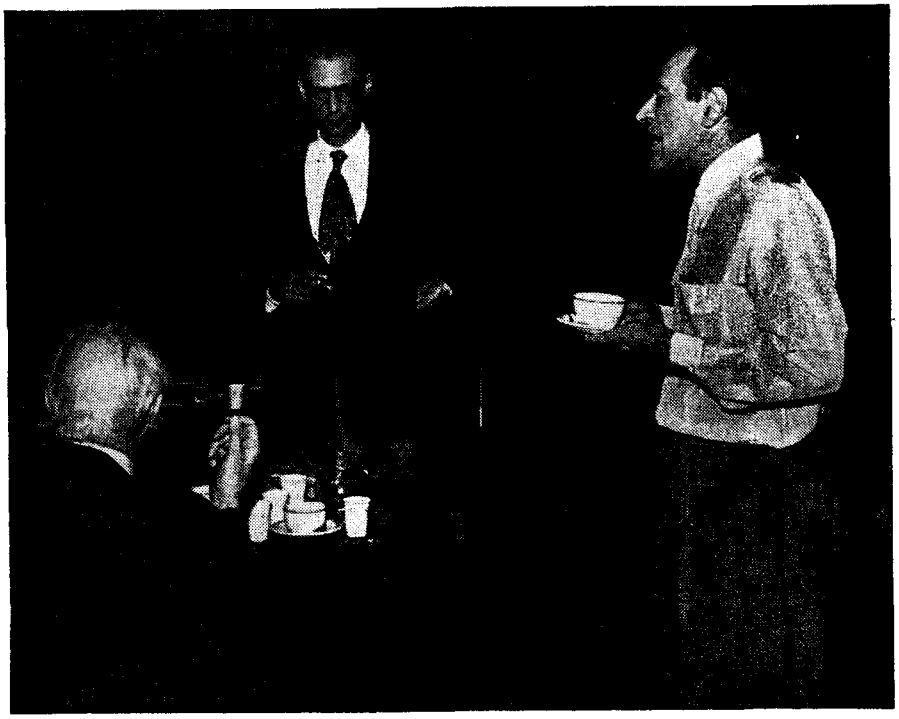
Broadway Postscript

ARTHUR MILLER & HOW HE WENT TO THE DEVIL



Walter Hampden, Arthur Miller, and Jed Harris—" 'orthodoxy itself destroyed.' "

ON THE strength of two plays that sank deep into the heart of contemporary life, Arthur Miller has risen to the unchallenged position of being one of this generation's two foremost American dramatists, and there is no reason to doubt that he will continue to write about everyday situations with equal truth, equal power, and equal success. But, being something of a non-conformist, Mr. Miller has chosen to turn away from the modern arena, where he is demonstrably at home, to try his hand at writing a historical play that involves some fairly remote events that happened during the Salem witchcraft trials of 1692.

Visited during a rehearsal break at the Martin Beck, the tall mantis-figured playwright seemed tired and watchful as he sat with his legs dangling over the orchestra seat in front of him. But serious and concerned as he was, he appeared surprisingly untroubled about the increase in complexity that goes with staging a twenty-two-character play set in another period, and putting into focus the tragedy of a whole society, not just the tragedy of an individual. "I've laid it out that way from the start," he said in a gently confident tone. "The first scene is purely an overture in which we emphasize the inability of these Puritans to cope with the strange sickness of the minister's little girl, and the resultant turn to accusations of witchcraft. The strict beliefs under which they all lived were doubly responsible. Their tenets were filled with witches and the devil, and they gave them an authority-weighted reason for something they found hard otherwise to explain. In addition, the circle of children who made the accusations had grievances against the Puritan women they named, because these women had made their lives and the lives of their husbands cold and unpleasant. As Elizabeth Procter, one of the accused wives, says:

> It needs a cold wife to prompt lechery. I counted myself so plain, so poorly-made, no honest love could come to me! Suspicion kissed you when I did; I never knew how I should say my love. It were a cold house I kept. . !

The thirty-seven-year-old writer maintains, however, that this remorseless, unbending ideology of the Puritans had constructive uses in settling this country, as proved by the fact that the Massachusetts colony succeeded against heavy odds, while the non-ideological Virginia Colony failed despite an easier climate. "But, by 1692, the usefulness of the ideology had passed and it had become an orthodoxy which had to destroy its opposition or be itself destroyed. The tragedy of 'The Crucible' is the everlasting conflict between people so fanatically wedded to this orthodoxy that they could not cope with the evidence of their senses."

Also necessary to establish in the first scene is the atmosphere of seventeenth-century Salem. "I use words like 'poppet' instead of 'doll,' and grammatical syntax like 'he have' instead of 'he has.' This will remind the audience that 'The Crucible' is taking place in another time, but won't make it too difficult to understand, which it might if I used all the old language with words like 'dafter' instead of 'daughter.' Also, I have varied some of the facts. Actually, the girls were reported as dancing in the woods and practising abominations. I have them dancing *naked* in the woods, which makes it easier for the audience to relate the Puritans' horror at such a thing to their own."

Mr. Miller has taken some other liberties with the historical facts, as he read them in the Salem courthouse and in a book written by Charles W. Upham in 1867. (Oddly enough, he is not familiar with Tennessee Williams's short story "The Yellow Bird," issued recently by Caedmon Records, which derives from the same incident.)

For instance, from Abigail Williams, whose actual age was between eleven and fourteen, plus the evidence that she tried to have Goody Procter killed by incantations, he manufactured an eighteen-year-old wench who had seduced Goody Procter's husband. Likewise there is no specific evidence that Procter confessed and then recanted his confession as occurs in the play, although other accused persons did so. Says the author, "A playwright has no debt of literalness to history. Right now I couldn't tell you which details were taken from the records verbatim and which were invented. I think you can say that this play is as historically authentic as 'Richard II,' which took place closer to Shakespeare's time than 'The Crucible' did to ours."

After the overture of the first scene is over, the play more or less concentrates on the fate of one man, John Procter. "Any play is the story of how the birds came home to roost," says Miller. "Procter acts and has to face the consequences of his action. In so doing he discovers who he is. He is a good man. Willy Loman in 'Death of a Salesman' went through the same process, but, because he had lost Procter's sense of personal inviolability and had yielded completely to every pressure, he never found out

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who he was. That's what Procter means near the end of the play when he talks of his 'name.' He is really speaking about his identity, which he cannot surrender."

Another character who interests Miller is Reverend Hale, who initiates the witchcraft investigation. "Hale," he says, "is a man who permits a beloved ideology to overwhelm the evidence of his senses past the point when the evidence of his senses should have led him to question and revise his ideology. His tragic failure along with certain other honest leaders of that community was a lack of a sense of proportion."

WHILE the dramatist is willing to talk about themes within his play, he doesn't pretend to know exactly what his play means. "I never know until at least a year after I've written it. A complex play can have many themes, but I don't sit down to write a play with a specific theme worked out in my mind. What I do have in my mind is a general sense of the quality I want it to have, much as you might try to present a picture of honesty or beauty by describing some honest or beautiful person you knew. Then I work on the script until it seems to have the aura of my original conception and at the same time I can see every moment of it as drama."

Although many people have seen Miller's previous plays as political or allegorical, the playwright is definite in his denial of any such simple intention. "I am not pressing an historical allegory here, and I have even eliminated certain striking similarities from 'The Crucible' which may have started the audience to drawing such an allegory. For instance, the Salemites believed that the surrounding Indians, who had never been converted to Christianity, were in alliance with the witches, who were acting as a Fifth Column for them within the town. It was even thought that the outbreak of witchcraft was the last attack by the Devil, who was being pressed into the wilderness by the expanding colony. Some might have equated the Indians with Russians and the local witches with Communists. My intent and interest is wider and I think deeper than this. From my first acquaintance with the story I was struck hard by the breathtaking heroism of certain of the victims who displayed an almost frightening personal integrity. It seemed to me that the best part of this country was made of such stuff, and I had a strong desire to celebrate them and to raise them out of historic dust."

Mr. Miller believes the reason his plays are thought to be so political is that the complete vacuousness of so many of our contemporary plays makes works of any substance seem political by comparison.

He points out that Girardoux's "Madwoman of Chaillot" was a really radical play, but that because it was set in Paris people here did not take it as such. As far as he is concerned in his own plays, Miller prefers to consider the area of literature and the area of politics to be separate.

"Literature is a weapon, but not in the sense that Marxists, Fascists, and our own 'Americanists' believe. It is possible to read a royalist-Catholic writer and draw sustenance for a left-wing position from him; it is possible to draw a conservative moral from an anti-conservative work. A work of art creates a complex world, and as the past hundred years have proved, the special 'truth' of one decade may turn out to be the reactionary falsehood of another. It is a poor weapon whose direction is so unstable as to serve one side at one moment and another side the next. The only sure and valid aim—speaking of art as a weapon—is the humanizing of man."

At this point we were interrupted by a deputation of actors who wanted the playwright to change a line or two in one of the scenes. Miller listened to them with a combination of Procter's sense of inviolability and the sense of proportion that Hale had lacked. Then he explained to the actors why this particular change should not be made.

"You know," he said after they had gone, "the most important thing for the playwright is to be able to make the right alterations during rehearsals. Each actor brings his own personality to his part and would—if you were not careful—tend to change the meaning of the play. The playwright must rewrite both in order to make the actor comfortable in the part and also to protect the meaning of the play from the intrusion of the actor's personal characteristics."

"The Crucible" is being directed by Jed Harris, who operates differently from most of the directors Miller is used to working with. "Jed works from the outside in, which I think is best for this kind of large-canvas play. He is a very serious man, with superb taste and perception. Sometimes there'll be hours of rehearsal when I get worried because nothing seems to be getting accomplished. But then suddenly he'll work very quickly and closely with the actors, and do in half an hour what some directors would take days to do. Above all he's a perfectionist."

Rehearsal was recommencing on-

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stage, so I whispered a quick goodbye and tiptoed my way out, leaving Arthur Miller with his sense of proportion and his inviolability to Jed Harris's inviolate world.

The Brass & the Lass

BRITAIN'S thirty-one-year-old actor-playwright Peter Ustinov is a man with a colossal sense of what is theatrical. The very opening scene of his "The Love of Four Colonels" is a bit of stage delight which prepares the audience for the spoofing to come. Two colonels—one British, one American—are discovered seated at a conference table, and for sixty seconds neither says a word. Then the Britisher starts to speak, but before his thought can be translated into sound he changes his mind and lapses into further silence. Mr. Ustinov also has wit, as he demonstrates when his French colonel boasts that his father was Minister of Agriculture—for *ten minutes* in 1912. Above all, being an actor himself, he knows the kind of thing other actors can have fun with, and has provided a series of burlesques on the different types of theatre every British actor has had to take seriously over the years. These include the Shakespearean, the Molière-Restoration, and the Chekhovian schools, as well as one on a combination of the American gangster film and "Rain."

Add to these virtues a variety of stylish performances by Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer in the buffooning playlets. Nevertheless, the play does have its tedious moments. Since the reaction to each complication must be presented four times, the liability of repetitiveness exists. And Mr. Ustinov has also introduced some philosophical ideas about good and evil and mortality and immortality that seem to turn on and off as suits the mechanical requirements of the play. Thus, these ideas amount to asides, and there is never the feeling that they are progressing or having more than a nominal influence on the action. Is there a possibility of man becoming so sane that he can live without a strong moral code? Why do Americans and Frenchmen feel that this life is less real and less urgent than do Englishmen and Russians? The action of each colonel in his attempt to seduce the Sleeping Beauty either evaded these questions they were supposed to illumine or the author's reasoning was too subtle to carry to the fourteenth row of the Shubert Theatre.

Rex Harrison gives an Olympianly rakish but earthily virile performance as the Wicked Fairy. The disdain with which he brushes the unconscious Russian colonel's hand off the chair he is about to occupy, or the careless manner in which he throws away invective as he calls the Good Fairy a "silly immortal bitch" are masterful. Lilli Palmer brings her gorgeous person and her civilized grace to the first three episodes where the Sleeping Beauty must represent each colonel's dream girl. In the last skit, where she is called on to mimic a gangster's moll, she demonstrates a surprising talent for artificial dissembling. Beautiful Leueen McGrath, so delicious when she plays bad girls, does not do very much with the role of the Good Fairy.

There is perhaps not quite enough of the spirit of "let's pretend" in either Mr. Harrison's direction or Rolf Gerard's scenery, but the discipline of the production keeps things from getting downright silly. "The Love of Four Colonels" may not go as high as it might into the realm of fancy, or dig as deep as it could into the subsoil of metaphysics, but it does make graceful figure-eights as it skates along the thin ice of witty humor.

Drama Book Note

SPOOFOLOGY: There is a tendency to use the word "satire" in connection with any play that makes fun of something. V. C. Clinton-Baddely, in his well-organized and appositely-illustrated **"The Burlesque Tradition in the English Theatre After 1660"** (British Book Centre, $4), explains that satire is violent and angry laughter criticizing faults of virtue, while burlesque is friendly laughter criticizing faults of style and humor. As the author traces the history of the burlesque tradition, he makes further distinctions between what is burlesque and what is parody, travesty, extravaganza, mock-heroic, and farce. Would he, as I have done above, call Ustinov's playlets "burlesque," particularly the one with the speech that makes fun of Shakespeare's philosophical clown? ("How should I not be foolish, being a fool, for were I not a fool I would be wise, the less like these, for thou, good lady art in no wise wise, and no wise foolish, and not foolish wise, and no wit either, for to be without wit is to be neither, therefore thou'rt in no wit wise and in no wise witty, and fall'st on thy bum 'twixt Grandam Nature's twin stools.") I think so. And he might also include some of the antics of the Russian colonel, for as he points out when he explains why burlesque does not flourish in totalitarian states, "It is not that the totalitarian state is an unsuitable subject for the burlesque artist, but that the burlesque artist is an unsuitable subject for the totalitarian state."

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR Goes to the Movies

M. BRASSEUR, MISS PARRETT, MISS DAVIS

"SKIPPER Next to God," a play by Jan de Hartog, turned up here four or five years ago as an ANTA production and, with the late John Garfield in the role of the rather Biblical skipper, earned itself an extended run on Broadway. Now it has turned up again, this time as a French movie. Hollywood obviously had its chance to tackle the subject, which has to do with the plight of a boatload of Jewish refugees from Naziism, and to my mind it missed a good bet. I feel regretful simply because the movie in its present form must by the nature of the distribution system be consigned to a limited number of theatres and thus reach a relatively small audience instead of the large one worthy of its theme. Let me add, quickly, that this French version is a good and satisfying one, and that Pierre Brasseur as the skipper is a delight to watch. M. Brasseur is well known in France, but he hasn't been seen here in a movie, so far as I can remember, since "Children of Paradise," in which he appeared with Jean-Louis Barrault. The new movie he has all to himself, and he displays his talents prodigally.

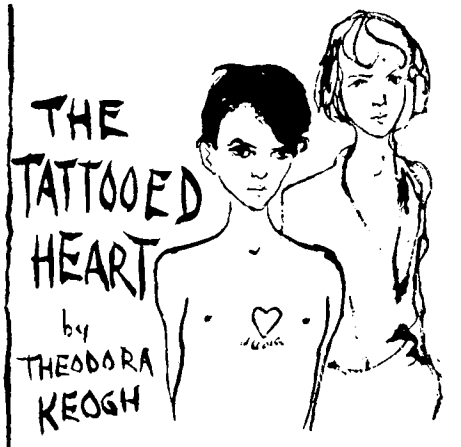
The scenario, also done by Jan de Hartog, tells of a Dutch cargo boat master who, after delivering a cargo of ill-gotten coconuts at the port of Hamburg in the year 1938, is asked if he will transport 150 Jews to Alexandria. The skipper agrees, his human instincts soon emerge, and he sees himself as someone destined to lead his passengers out of bondage. The task is difficult enough to get him believing that some divine intervention may be necessary. The Egyptian visas turn out to be invalid, his attempts to land the Jews illegally are frustrated, and at this point he begins a furious study of the Bible, at the same time charting a course for what he hopes will be a friendly United States.

Those attempting to help the skipper find his solution are a rabbi, played nicely by Jean Mercure, and a mate (Jean-Pierre Grenier) who turns out to be a rough-hewn angel in disguise. The skipper, of course, finally finds the method of getting the Jews ashore and, symbolically, to the attention of the human conscience. So warmly is the substance of the story treated that every now and then one feels oneself bathed in sentiment, but never to a really annoying degree, perhaps because of the considerable number of humorous touches and the never-ending capers of M. Brasseur, and perhaps, too, because the nature of the plea made to the conscience is an entirely valid one.

* * *

A surprisingly enjoyable movie has been made from some early incidents in the life of Eileen Joyce, the prominent Australian pianist. My surprise is the result of some of my bitter movie experiences involving young musical prodigies, and it is pleasant to be able to report that "Wherever She Goes" manages to avoid just about all the pitfalls that must have lain in wait for it. Two factors seem to be responsible for this happy result: one is the refreshing performance given by Suzanne Parrett, an unaffected blonde charmer of ten or so, who had me completely believing in the yearnings of a little girl for a musical career; the other is the direction and writing of Michael S. Gordon, who has made the most out of the material available to him. A good many of his actors seem of the untrained variety, and others give the impression of having just emerged from their labors in Australian amateur theatre circles. Nevertheless, this movie is affecting, entertaining, and downright charming. Even the kangaroo—every movie originating in Australia must have at least one, it appears—doesn't hamper the proceedings.

Eileen Joyce spent her early years first in Tasmania and then in the mining camps and towns of Western Australia. In these bleak environments it was quite a problem for a little girl to find a piano to practise on, especially when her father was always staking claims on gold mines that failed to produce gold. A convent sister gives little Eileen her weekly lessons, and her practising is done in the barkeeper's parlor, which boasts a ratty and dusty old piano, out of tune and one or two keys responding only dully to the touch. Eileen, to get the pence and shillings needed for lessons and music, performs on the harmonica for the mining people, and so devoted is she to her practising that neighbors find it hard to sleep. The townspeople, somehow sensing the notable talent of the little girl, finally band together to send her to the city of Perth, where more opportunities for study exist. I couldn't have been happier when she



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at last got the chance she deserved.

The playing on the sound-track (some Grieg, Chopin, and Liszt) is done by the actual Eileen Joyce, and scenes at the beginning and end of the movie show her in action and full glory. It's that fine middle section that intrigued me, however; everyone concerned has made it seem very real. I counsel you not to miss "Wherever She Goes," and if you happen to have a recalcitrant young musical artist around the house this is the movie to take the youngster to.

* * *

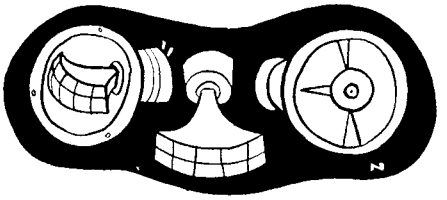
"The Star" (20th Century-Fox) is another of those movies made about the declining days of a ranking screen star, and in spite of the subject's familiarity I found myself now and then responding to it with interest if not entirely with pleasure. Bette Davis plays the lady who finds herself all but forgotten after many years at the top of the heap, and all of Miss Davis's accustomed energy is to be seen displayed once more. She not only dominates every scene she's in, she plays in every single one of them. Since no one very interesting is around besides her, I suppose this works out all right.

The sufferings and trials of the faded movie star have been now made so apparent to all of us that nothing remains but to enter her as one of those hundred neediest cases we learn about at Christmas time. Margaret Elliot has squandered all those hundreds of thousands she has made, her house furnishings are being auctioned off to pay creditors' bills, her relatives come nosing around angrily because their monthly support check hasn't been received, her agent has nothing for her, friends desert her, and even fans fail to recognize her. No night can be deeper than Miss Elliot's, and it is understandable for her to go off on one hell of a drunken bat and spend the rest of the night roosting in a Hollywood jail. Her slow journey back to normality begins for her when one last friend of her palmy days bails her out and tries to get her back in shape. This takes time, for she's in bad shape, and her head is filled with all sorts of illusions, the kind that come from reading studio publicity. Some simple psychiatry at last brings her around to her senses. It is enough to accept oneself as a woman, and this she does—finding the arms of Sterling Hayden conveniently handy for the purpose. The screenplay is anything but a subtle one, the direction is stodgy, and yet Miss Davis is Miss Davis. No one can show anger, despair, and sob bitterly just like her, and one can hardly fail to be moved occasionally by the spectacle.

—Hollis Alpert

TV and Radio

CHOICE OF ONE



KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, (counting neighboring suburbs) has a population of about a million. Scattered among the million are 253,000 television sets.

With this devastating bit of research as background, I phoned my mother recently and told her I was coming to visit in Kansas City for a day or two. She was delighted. She had been ailing, she said, and spent most of her time listening to the radio. How about television? She didn't care too much about television, personally, but her two small granddaughters sat in front of the TV set night and day. Could I speak to them? They had gone to the movies.

This defection was no small problem to take with me on the plane, but once settled in front of a TV set in Kansas City it was easily solved. Kansas City, like a lot of other towns we New Yorkers never think about, has but one channel. And you've never experienced frustration until you watch a one-channel television set. Day after day, week after week, the menu is the same—choice of one, no substitutes. You turn the dial once and that's it. Whereas in New York there are six or seven channels you can tune out whenever you like.

You should have seen the eyes of the two small granddaughters pop open when I told them that back East we could turn on a program and if we didn't like it we could turn to another. At first they didn't believe me. But later that evening they were asking their father why he didn't buy a set like their uncle's—with a lot of channels on it. When I left he was beginning the long explanation that began, "You see, children, in Kansas City we have the *Kansas City Star*. Now the *Kansas City Star* has the only allocation granted by the Federal Communications Commission, and until the Federal Communications Commission grants another, etc., etc."

A few weeks ago I checked into a hotel in Miami Beach. Here there are 124,000 television sets. One of these was moved into my room the day I checked in. I protested I didn't want one, but it was part of the service and nothing I could say could make the man take it out.

Here also there is one channel. And though I protested having the thing in the room with me, it is almost impossible to have an open-faced TV set yawning at you without doing something about it. I found myself watching for the first time Roy Rogers and several other epics which never show up on my screen at home.

The choices in these one-channel towns are not confined, as they are on radio, to one network. The television station owners of each town decide which of the networks' programs they want to feed to their particular viewers and that's it. I am not sure how that decision is reached. Quality of program may have something to do with it, but I think money enters into the deal somewhere. A better deal can possibly be made for taking certain programs.

I called one such station in a one-channel town and asked why a certain program wasn't on their listing and the answer was they didn't think the program was good enough for their viewers. At that moment they were showing "The Cisco Kid."

I later discovered they did not show Roy Rogers. The children of that town would never see the fleet-footed Trigger galloping across the countryside. They would only see the Cisco Kid, tall in the saddle of Diablo.

Television, the great new medium, is making a lot of one-horse towns.

—Goodman Ace.

Bay of Islands

By Lawrence P. Spingarn

THIS is the end of land,
A border of the night.
The cove is like my hand,
Five fingers ringed with light
That travelers understand.

Turn back from wind and sea,
From tide, from toiling water.
No marriage yet, no fee
For wedding ocean's daughter
In such loud company.

The islands and the bays
Make warning brief and bare
To one who loves the days:
Rather mix earth and air
When other compound slays.

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Music to My Ears

HOROWITZ AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS—MOZART AT THE METROPOLITAN

A NUMBER of interesting speculations were set spinning in the mind as one joined, almost involuntarily, in the massive applause for Vladimir Horowitz's performance of the Tchaikovsky B flat minor Concerto that commemorated his New York debut in Carnegie Hall twenty-five years before with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. None of these had anything to do with the pianist's prowess, which was drawn to a fine sharp point of incisiveness even more precise than ever before, nor with the dexterity of George Szell's direction of the orchestra, which was completely apropos. But one did get the feeling that the Tchaikovsky Concerto should never be played as well as this, since it merely proved how imperfect a piece it is.

One also gathered the impression, as Horowitz turned his fabulously controlled virtuosity on and off with the discipline of a pilot landing a two-ton bomber at ceiling zero, that either a new piano should be contrived to absorb the amount of energy he commands or the one he uses be less brilliantly voiced. Doubtless it gives back to him a satisfying immediacy of response, a hairbreadth's distinction between *forte, mezzo forte, subito piano.* But it also devalues the tremendous dynamic range he commands, by making a steely clang of his *fortissimo* when it could be a mellow extension of the satisfying gradations below. This is much more a problem in mechanics than it is in music; but if bridges are designed to absorb the new stresses and strains of caterpillar tractors and oversized trucks, pianos should be designed to accommodate the incomparable power of a Horowitz in full cry.

If one separated the actual sound from the musical impulse involved, one would have to rate the latter very highly indeed in all the relevant areas —rhythmic definition, melodic finesse, dynamic contrast, and most of all responsibility in ensemble. Rather than conveying a sense of discomfiting challenge, the circumstances stirred the performer to a keener awareness of his capacities, working with the players about him. When he gathered himself for a climax and glanced about him as if to say, "Come on boys, let's go," the exhilaration that can be found in music-making that defies time and circumstance was almost visibly present. (This was a concert to benefit the orchestra's pension fund.)

* * *

In prospect, the return of last season's new, admired production of "Così fan tutte" to the Metropolitan repertory seemed likely to be the Mozartian manna of a season not overgenerous in such blessings; but good as it was and with high credit to all involved, one cannot help but feel that the "Don Giovanni" newly orientated to the sound musicianship of Max Rudolf as conductor, with George London as the Don, Margaret Harshaw as Donna Anna, Brenda Lewis as Elvira, and Genevieve Warner as Zerlina—all unfamiliar in their roles—was even more heartening. The good singing began with Rudolf's fluid, well-paced direction of the overture, and the warmth of mood he evoked soon became established as the dominant fact of a performance not matched in justice to Mozart's score in half a dozen years.

There can, of course, be no good "Don Giovanni" without a good Don, and London's electric action, his closely studied, thoroughly sensitive physical image of Da Ponte's creation was matched by limber vocal resource, admirable line in the cantilena episodes (the "Serenade" in particular), and promising management of the secco recitative. In particular he has what most Metropolitan Dons since Pinza have lacked: physical magnetism, or what used to be called in olden days the "physique du rôle." Given a pattern of progress quite expectable from his other efforts, one may expect even better things as his abilities ripen. At the outset, his vocal production seemed a shade heavy and inflexible; but he was soon in the part with the final effect as noted.

Hardly less rewarding was Miss Harshaw's powerfully dramatic Donna Anna. She has to compensate with vocal power for what she lacks in dramatic illusion, but the meaning of the music she sang was always clear even if some phrases were rough or overstressed. On balance, Brenda Lewis's Elvira was also a notable addition to the Metropolitan's resources. Her voice did not seem to be giving back to her as much as it might, but the place of this character in the Mozartian scheme was firmly maintained. A final, unexpected pleasure was the charming sound of Genevieve Warner's Zerlina. This was Mozartian singing of the first order: neat and unaffected, also lovely to hear. It may be assumed that the difficulties that have beset the career of this talented artist are now in hand. Jan Peerce responded to the circumstances with a fine Ottavio, with Lorenzo Alvary (Masetto) and Erich Kunz (Leporello) staunch in support. Herbert Graf's stage direction leaves unsolved some problems in the first act finale; otherwise it was better organized, less broadly comic than before.

On reaquaintance, the "Così" in English retained most of its virtues in style and direction. The Steber-Thebom-Tucker-Guarrera-Brownlee quintet sang consistently well, if broadening a bit some of the precisely calculated effects of Alfred Lunt's direction. In her first venture as Despina, Roberta Peters gave more vocal value to the part than Patrice Munsel, and showed a flair for comedy perhaps not so intuitive as her predecessor's, but decidedly worth cultivation.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Floyd G. Blair of the Philharmonic-Symphony congratulating Vladimir Horowitz.

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MUSIC

(*Continued from page 21*)

World, The World of Columbia, The World of the Organized Audience, The Performer's World—which describe the concert business. Smith tells again in great detail what has been told many times before: the history of the Organized-Audience movement in America, the rise of the big concert agencies, the mechanics of the mass production of musical artists. He quotes extensively some of the platitudes issued year after year by the tycoons of the concert business, usually published in the annual booking issues of *Musical America*. He doesn't avoid criticism, of course, but he presents whatever he has to criticize in these four chapters in a way that gives one the impression of a boxer who not only stuffed large wads of cotton in his gloves before climbing in the ring but also rushed between each round to his opponent's corner to apply, himself, smelling salts and iodine and to make sure that no harm has been done.

The remaining eight worlds of music—New York, outside New York, opera, orchestras, composers, dancers, the electrical and the educational worlds—are treated rather summarily. The worlds of the composer or the dancer, for instance, are such minor moons in Cecil Smith's musical world—tiny, indeed, if compared to the world of Sol Hurok—that it might have been wiser for him to disregard them altogether. The few pages allotted to them can advance neither new facts nor new thoughts.

In spite of its overemphasis of certain aspects of our musical scene, Mr. Smith's book will provide those who haven't heard about it by now with a lot of material that should help to prove to a still disbelieving world what he states in his closing sentence and what I feel myself most thoroughly in agreement with: "We are in very truth on the threshhold of the greatest and most thoroughly democratic flowering of the art of music the world has ever known."

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

LAST MOMENTS

The circumstances of an author's death are sometimes strangely symbolic of the general pattern of his life. Nan Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, presents ten examples, and asks you to name the subjects. Six identifications are par, seven good, and eight (or nine, or ten) excellent. Answers on page 35.

1. Starving to death and too proud to accept help, this precociously brilliant young man, author of several magnificent literary hoaxes, swallowed arsenic in his garret.
2. In his thirtieth year, this popular dramatist and poet of the "mighty line" was stabbed in a tavern brawl.
3. Haunted all her life by fear of insanity, and on the verge of a mental breakdown, this sensitive novelist disappeared "into the flowing waters of an English river," leaving her walking stick on the bank.
4. During his last illness this metaphysical poet, perennially preoccupied with love and death, posed for a life-size portrait of himself wrapped in his winding-sheet.
5. The body of this humorist and sentimentalist was "resurrected" by grave-robbers shortly after burial, sold to the professor of anatomy at Cambridge, and recognized by a horrified friend in the dissection room.
6. Volumes of Sophocles and Keats in his pockets made possible the identification of this romantic poet and Platonic idealist following his death by drowning off the coast of Italy.
7. Soldier, statesman, scholar, and poet, the "president of chivalry," mortally wounded at the Battle of Zutphen, he relinquished a longed-for drink of water to a dying soldier with the words, "Thy need is greater than mine."
8. Poet, critic, short-story writer, he died in Baltimore in an alcoholic coma after a disappearance of five days during which he was probably a repeating voter in the hands of an election gang.
9. Dramatist, wit, esthete, defendant in a famous London trial provoked by the Marquis of Queensberry, he died in Paris of cerebral meningitis, a virtual exile.
10. A Scotsman afflicted with "chronic lung disease," this teller of tales, attracted by the romance of the South Seas, found a final resting place under the wide and starry sky of Samoa.

That Ole Beat

RHYTHM AND TEMPO: A Study in Music History. By Curt Sachs. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 391 pp. $6.75.

By Milton Babbitt

THE problem of the nature and function of musical rhythm has long eluded analytical formulation. Rhythm is the one aspect of musical technique to which not even an elementary didactic approach exists, and the amount of serious literature in the field is in inverse ratio to the problem's importance. It is not surprising, therefore, that one of the most serious weaknesses of Dr. Sachs's attempt at a geographically and chronologically complete survey of rhythm lies in the very ambitiousness of its scope. It is unfortunate that Dr. Sachs did not limit himself to writing a more complete study of the earlier periods and non-European musical cultures, for this is where his primary interests and knowledge lie. The earlier sections of the book bring together a great deal of useful material gathered from standard sources, which is not otherwise available in a single volume. But in later chapters even this function is no longer fulfilled. They become increasingly a collection of almost random, often insignificant, details; other workers in the field are not mentioned even to the extent of a statement of the bases of the disapproval that such omission implies. Finally, Dr. Sachs attempts to organize this bulk of material, not by arriving at dynamic principles but by stating grand generalizations of the type familiar to readers of his "The Commonwealth of Art." The reader is informed that "all perspective ages have fostered divisive, binary rhythm," that "feminine" eras—such as the eighteenth century—were "little interested in rhythm," that "the more a style leans to the classicistic side, the more does it stress form at the cost of naturalness and of the striking power of nature's haps and passing moments."

Methodologically, Dr. Sachs constantly confuses the label with the explanation, and his use of the labels of poetic metric is particularly unfortunate. Such labels, at best, are descriptively incomplete, and often serve to identify falsely through the least significant element of identification, thus obscuring those characteristics which are uniquely important.

In the chapters dealing with the

Milton Babbitt is assistant professor of music at Princeton University.

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eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, there is disappointingly little discussion of the relation of rhythm to composition, to functional harmony, and to the elements of external form. But it is in the chapter devoted to "the present" that the evidences of haste, essential lack of interest, and superficial knowledge of the music are most apparent. By failing to conceive of rhythm as the juxtaposition of durations of homogeneity, he overlooks those important cases where the element of homogeneity is not accent or the single tone, but texture, harmony, register, timbre, or intensity. But it is with the interrelation and parallel structuralization of just such rhythms that much contemporary music is concerned. Likewise, Dr. Sachs's negative conclusions with regard to the relation of the rhythmic detail to the rhythmic totality result from his lack of awareness of contemporary methods of rhythmic development and structuralization. The almost total concern with the "device" aspect for its own sake—the asymmetric division of compound meters, "jazz" rhythms, and the like—is indicated by the following paragraph, here quoted in its entirety: "Arnold Schoenberg was little interested in rhythmic expression." Beyond the manifest absurdity of making such a statement with regard to any serious composer, there have been few composers the harmonic, linear, and thematic meaning of whose music is so dependent upon the rhythmic conception as is Schoenberg's. And, closer to the device level, is Schoenberg's insistence on the variational function of rhythm to associate the tonally dissimilar and to differentiate the tonally similar.

In sum, Dr. Sachs's volume is an often useful, occasionally irritating collection of facts and observations, fitfully organized through the vehicle of generalizations of dubious relevance and questionable validity. It is not, then, the definitive work on the subject, but it does bring together a certain amount of the raw material with which such a definitive work—one, above all, that is aware of the analytical and methodological problems of the subject—must come to terms.

Terpsicore at Home

THE ART OF THE DANCE IN FRENCH LITERATURE. By Deirdre Priddin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 176 pp. $4.

By Edwin Denby

MISS Priddin offers us through the ideas on dancing of a series of remarkable writers materials for a dance esthetic. Where her book is at its best—as in the thirty pages on the poet Mallarmé—it is not easy reading. But a few serious dance fans who do not know Mallarmé's criticism, if they begin slowly browsing in this chapter a page at a time, will I am sure be delighted by the gradual discovery of a ballet critic of unsurpassed penetration. Except for one single article (in G. Woolley's "Stéphane Mallarmé") he cannot be read in English. Miss Priddin's book is invaluable because it gives for the first time in English a comprehensive though laborious account of all he wrote on dancing—perceptions phenomenally imaginative and phenomenally acute.

Mallarmé wrote little, he wrote in a tone of conversation, and he attempted only the most difficult side of his subject. He was intensely susceptible to what we now call the "abstract" values of classic ballet—an expressive force which seems to operate on a different region of sensibility than do the dancer's charms or the story's dramatics. Thousands respond to this peculiar theatre power, but the excitement of it is so illogical and so euphoric that the day after people are embarrassed to think about it or quite believe it so transported them.

It is this illogical, ambiguous, euphoric excitement that Mallarmé evokes in the motion of his words, a movement "of reciprocal reflections like a virtual trail of light across jewels." Mallarmé not only presents the magic illumination of such a moment of dance, he further suggests the sweeping imaginative power it is a token of. He makes one aware of the kind of meaning ballet has when it is most purely ballet and the grandeur of its flights of meanings—"of wings, of departures into for-forever"; he is, one might say, the critic Balanchine deserved. His vividness, his scope, and the associative (or symbolic) logic of his criticism make him for people with an interest in

Edwin Denby, a dance critic of long standing, is author of "Looking at the Dance."

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dance esthetics the most dynamic of animators.

But I see that in the pleasure of speaking of him I have neglected to describe the general plan of Miss Priddin's book. It selects a series of notable French literary men who have written on ballet, a series that touches in turn the ballet of the 1840's (Gautier), that of the Eighties (Mallarmé, Lemaître), the Diaghiliev epoch, and recent classicism (Valéry and Bergson). Each author is condensed, organized, and evaluated in the scholarly fashion of an academic thesis. It is odd how from this digestive processing the Diaghiliev poets emerge as sweet but rather more banal than one would have expected.

Gautier too—the most graceful of ballet critics—does not appear to advantage. Miss Pridden's abstract is long and full, but it gives no impression of his particular genius, the sense of a dancer's physical presence as she dances across the stage which he can project so brilliantly in writing. His wilfully unintellectual and sensual train of images, his foppish malice confuse her, and she rather scolds him for misbehaving. His French theatre manners jar on her English ones. She is at her best again in the chapter on Valéry.

It is a pity Miss Pridden has not made a more readable book out of such excellent material—practically the best in its field. Looking more sharply at her work, one sees that she is herself a devoted ballet fan; her mind is sharp applied to complex and subtle texts; but in the creation of a framework of general ideas it is timid and uncertain. An introductory chapter which deals with general ideas is badly muddled and full of muddlesome commonplaces either of dance history or dance criticism. It is a chapter to be avoided. But in her abstracts, even where her evaluations are inexperienced or unenlightening, the scholarship is reliable. And the value of having the points of view of these variously brilliant critics convenient for reference or study is obvious.

Just Published

LISTED below are seventeen important books just off the press. Some are reviewed this week, a number of the others will be reviewed in forthcoming issues.

AMBASSADOR'S WIFE. By Elisabetta Cerruti. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3. On the coat-tails of her Italian diplomat-spouse, Mrs. Cerruti spent seventeen years whisking about the capitals of the world, observing political and cultural manners with a practised eye.

ASTRONOMY FOR EVERYMAN. Edited by Martin Davidson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.50. Information about the solar system and transportation to outlying planets, together with miscellaneous astral data, set forth by ten earthbound experts.

GERMANY: Its Historical, Physical, and Regional Geography. By Robert Eric Dickinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $10. Advanced geography by a Syracuse University professor.

INDIA, PAKISTAN, AND THE WEST. By Percival Spear. New York: Oxford University Press. $2. A new volume in the Little Home Library.

ITALIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE. By Bernard Berenson. New York: Phaidon Publishers. $7.50. Republication of a now classic work in a lavishly illustrated volume. Extensive visual and textual tribute is paid to greats like Michelangelo and Titian in addition to near-greats like Masaccio and Pollaiuolo by one of the most noted connoisseurs of our time.

JEFFERSON READER. Edited by Francis Coleman Rosenberger. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5. A garnering of writings *about* Thomas Jefferson, drawing on a host of contributors, deceased and living.

MODERN SCIENCE FICTION: Its Meaning and Its Future. Edited by Reginald Bretnor. New York: Coward-McCann. $3.75. Some of the chief practitioners of science fiction talk shop in this symposium.

MY DEAR TIMOTHY. By Victor Gollancz. New York: Simon & Schuster. $5. Grandfather to grandson epistles by a British publisher discussing his spiritual (Jewish) peregrinations.

MY UNCLE JOSEPH STALIN. By Budu Svanidzi. Translated by Waverley Root. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3. Through marriage Mr. Svanidzi has acquired the unique right to call Stalin both Cousin and Uncle Joe. Stalin's marriages, offspring, and personal (but not political) habits come in for explanation.

NISEI DAUGHTER. By Monica Sone. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3. The difficulties of straddling two cultures, Japanese and American, especially during World War II, are described by Miss Sone, who grew up in the States and paid visits to Japan.

PEACE THROUGH STRENGTH. By Morris V. Rosenbloom. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.95. A detailed record of Bernard M. Baruch's public service and opinions rendered to Presidents and Congresses through the last several decades.

THE SEX PARADOX. By Isabel Drummond. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5. A lawyer's examination of the laws respecting sex crimes, as they vary state by state. Notions held on the subject in other countries are also painstakingly analyzed.

SHAKESPEAREAN STAGE PRODUCTION THEN AND NOW. By Cécile de Banke. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $6. Production of the Bard's work traced from Elizabethan times to the present. The material is arranged under four headings: staging, actors and acting, costume, and music and the dance.

STEPHEN AUSTIN: Father of Texas. By Carleton Beals. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. A popular biography of the founder of the Lone Star State.

SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS: The Middle East in the War, 1939-1946. By George Kirk. New York: Oxford University Press. $10. A compendium on the economics and politics of the area valuable for reference purposes.

TITO. By Vladimer Dedijer. New York: Simon & Schuster. $5. A biography of the foremost living deviationist by one of his close associates. Particular pains are taken to outline the progressive steps in the break between Yugoslavia and Russia.

—S. M.

PSYCHOLOGY

(*Continued from page* 19)

mercy of their impulses, incapable of using their potential capacities or of getting any genuine satisfactions. Children's personalities develop positively in an atmosphere of training and control from those who love them. True, the child will develop some transient anxiety and some conflicts, but out of the resolution of these he will possess a more personally satisfying and constructive character.

In their book, "The Discipline of Well-Adjusted Children,"* Grace Langdon and Irving W. Stout survey briefly the literature on child discipline from 1880 to 1949, then offer verbatim excerpts from accounts written by parents of the methods and philosophies by which they reared their children. While the 414 "well-adjusted children" included in this study came from wide social, educational, and economic strata, with diversified patterns of family living and with no one "method" of training or disciplining, there was uniformity in the attitude that the discipline of children was just a normal part of the everyday family living. There was universality in the attitude of family acceptance, mutual respect, love, and absence of struggle for power by either parents or children. There was definite parental control with a democratic attitude in the family.

We may question the statistical validity of such a small sampling of the population, and the basis upon which the children were selected as well-adjusted. But the uniformity of the observation of even 414 children about the way parents felt, their attitudes towards themselves and their children, and their satisfaction with the results of their "methods," deserves serious consideration and respect.

There is an excellent chapter on school discipline which should make good reading for any teacher. It focuses on teacher attitudes and feelings as potent factors in the adjustment of children. While this is an interesting book, it will undoubtedly have wider appeal and usefulness for the student of child psychology than to the parent. Nevertheless, the parent who has the patience to wade through the many brief parent excerpts will find sound nuggets of thought and wisdom.

**THE DISCIPLINE OF WELL-ADJUSTED CHILDREN. By Grace Langdon and Irving W. Stout. New York: The John Day Co. 244 pp. $3.75.*

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THE RUSSIANS CONQUER MARX

(*Continued from page 10*)

holding "bourgeois opinions," recently conferred a doctor's degree on Ye. Fabrikov for a thesis on "The Red Cross in International Law." Having paid homage to Western authorities in this field, the young scholar committed the unpardonable sin of praising the Red Cross as a progressive organization in 1935, but "forgot" to label it a tool of the imperialist intelligence services, especially of the USA. Perhaps A. Molenov's master's thesis on "Speculation and the Struggle Against It in Operative Soviet Socialist Criminal Law" would evoke a heartier guffaw on this side of the Iron Curtain, for this young hopeful "discovered" that night watchmen, cleaners, firemen, and furnacemen are in the category of persons most likely to be contaminated by petty-bourgeois prejudices!

As if the above picture of postwar academic racketeering were not sordid enough, an article in the trade-union paper *Trud,* entitled "Professor Butuzov in Private Life," by V. Orlov, upbraids this member of the Moscow Institute of Crystallography for failure to show due filial respect to his mother!

Nor have these abject confessions about the ideological bankruptcy of Soviet higher education come from the Slavic republics alone. With some allowance for local color, Soviet educators and journalists portray the same lamentable conditions among the Soviet minorities of the Caucasian and Central Asiatic republics.

From Uzbekistan, often heralded as "the beacon of the East," comes word that the Institute of Oriental Studies of the Uzbek Academy of Sciences is "unproductive." Writing in *Pravda,* under the headline "Institute Divorced from Life," A. Shmakov claims that the "senior scholars"—venerable old men with gray beards and black skull caps, who look as if they came out of some theological seminary, which in reality they did, and whose Arabic manuscripts have to be translated by others into modern Uzbek—simply bury themselves in the distant past, instead of investigating the urgent problems that confront the contemporary Soviet man. Such persons—and demands for their removal have gone unheeded—excluded from the Institute's 1951 research program on the social and philosophical thought of the peoples of Central Asia from the ninth to the nineteenth centuries all consideration of the age-old contact of "progressive" Russian scholars with "progressive" figures of Central Asia, or of Russian influence on the culture and peoples of the Orient. They have not unmasked Pan-Islamism and Pan-Turkism as "the ideological weapon of American imperialism" or concerned themselves about the national liberation movements in the non-Soviet East.

IT is implied that bona-fide, experienced educators are most reluctant to deal with contemporary problems, and especially with Marxism-Leninism as interpreted today in the USSR. They retreat into the past, leaving interpretation of the contemporary scene to their half-baked apprentices. Of course, Party members responsible for ideological studies in the Soviet Union long have admitted that an educator who handles contemporary subjects without historical background is not a scholar. But they argue that educators who detach themselves from contemporary reality are just ignoramuses. When the whole purpose of Soviet education is to provide a key to the present, these "living mummies" leave their students stranded amid the issues and ideological concepts of a past generation.

Because the higher schools repeatedly failed to heed the warnings of Party leaders, the Communist Party in Azerbaijan last year took the entire educational system under its supervision. It claims to have cut out

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much of the academic dead wood heretofore defended as "irreplaceable." The implied warning to Soviet institutions elsewhere is that if "reform" does not come from within, it will be imposed from without.

Perhaps the most flagrant instance to date of educational maladministration in Central Asia was recorded in G. Vasilyev's article "In Exchange for a Shashlyk," which described the black market in diplomas at the Bairam-Ali Agricultural Technical College of the Turkmenian Republic. Even government officials from the Republic's Ministry of Agriculture and staff members of the Agricultural College, in search of degrees to bolster their prestige, have patronized this diploma mill. One such official deposited a fine ram on the college campus and departed in triumph with his certificate, having only too literally exchanged his sheep for a sheepskin!

The simple, unvarnished truth appears to be that conditions within the Soviet Union and its orbit in postwar years have been too dynamic to encourage scholars to produce the indispensable guides to contemporary politics, history, and philosophy, not to mention other scientific fields, which are needed by students and educators alike. In the mad scramble to keep abreast of the fluctuations of the Party line, textbooks are no sooner produced than they are out-of-date and, *ipso facto*, evilly subversive.

The scholars who prepared them may have been too "obsequious" in their handling of Western sources or they may have overlooked Soviet inventions and achievements. Scientists no sooner supplied texts based on the theories of Mendel and Morgan than these were officially condemned as "idealistic" and superseded by works bearing the imprint of Michurin and Lysenko on genetics. Textbooks which appeared too early in 1950 to take cognizance of Stalin's now famous pronouncements on linguistics are already obsolete. Even the Moscow Institute of Architecture has confronted difficulties in producing up-to-date texts on Soviet architecture. It is, therefore, no surprise to learn that in the vital field of Marxism-Leninism there is still no satisfactory text for the millions of Soviet students and adults who must be indoctrinated annually.

IN their *Pravda* article "In Search of a Textbook on Historical Materialism" D. Chesnokov and V. Platkovsky criticize a composite work edited by Professor F. V. Konstantinov of the Institute of Philosophy of the USSR Academy of Sciences, and published under the title "Historical Materialism." According to them, this book reflects the over-all shortcomings of the current ideological program in the higher schools. Judging by the list of these shortcomings, there are certain prerequisites today for a satisfactory Soviet text in Marxism-Leninism. Abstract theories on Marxian dialectics no longer meet the requirements. Such a book must be related directly to Soviet practice—must, in other words, clarify the role of the Soviet state in the industrialization, collectivization, and cultural revolution of the USSR. It must include an account of the present worldwide struggle of the Communist parties for "peace, democracy, and Socialism." Its authors should stress the disparity between bourgeois and proletarian philosophy, presenting the advantages of the Socialist system over and above those of capitalism. Obviously, they must criticize "contemporary, reactionary, idealistic theories" (synonymous with Western concepts) in the social and natural sciences, and give due recognition to Michurin biology, Pavlov physiology, Stalin linguistics, and the Stalin program for the transformation of nature. Scholars are equally derelict in their duty if they fail to provide a detailed exposition of Stalin's pronouncements on the transition from Socialism to Communism. The role of the victorious Socialist revolution in promoting the disintegration of "decadent bourgeois nations" must be made clear. Last, but not least, in view of the Soviet Union's current preoccupation with Asia, there must be an adequate presentation of the classic theses on matters pertaining to the Chinese Revolution.

It is quite apparent that Soviet scholars, if they could, would prefer to abandon the struggle. Unfortunately for them, in an all-out campaign to improve the quality of Marxist-Leninist indoctrination throughout the educational system, Soviet propaganda guns have been trained directly on them. They will be forced to meet the challenge or go down to defeat.

The much-publicized November 1952 political trials in Prague clearly indicate an early extension to Czechoslovakia and the other Soviet satellites of the drastic Soviet educational purge under way since 1951 in the USSR. The death sentence inflicted on the Czech leaders affords ample warning of the fate in store for all "cosmopolitan" and Western-minded teachers of satellite countries whose ideological concepts are not forthwith adapted to the pattern already prescribed for educators in the Soviet Union.

According to Academician A. Nesmeyanov, president of the USSR Academy of Sciences, only Marxism-Leninism can provide the strong and steady orientation that will prevent the encroachment on Soviet thought of "pernicious" Western imperialist concepts, which, it appears, have not been wiped out entirely and might conceivably be revived by an astute program of psychological warfare on the part of the Western democracies. Thus Marxism-Leninism is not only the prescription for overcoming the serious lag in domestic production, but it is expected to arm Soviet minds against Western "isms." The current fanatical insistence on Marxism-Leninism as the sole panacea for all the ills of the postwar Soviet system appears to stem directly from the impact of Western propaganda on the Soviet Union. The impression is given that Soviet leaders intend to use Marxist-Leninist ideology literally as "the opium of the people," to be administered by Soviet educators in all courses offered in the school curriculum.

Two deductions can be made from this stepped-up campaign against the shortcomings of Soviet education. First, it presages another widespread purge of educational administrators and teachers. Second, it reveals the bankruptcy to date of the ideological program for the inculcation of Marxism-Leninism, especially in the system of higher education.

To a specialist on the USSR, what is true of education appears to be symptomatic of the Soviet regime as a whole, which has had no trouble imbuing the population with nationalism, but has failed in the postwar era to arouse like enthusiasm for Marxism-Leninism. This inadvertent revelation could be made to redound to the advantage of the Western World, especially in its psychological warfare propaganda. If those who speak for America and the West direct their anti-Soviet propaganda guns against the country and the people, they will only intensify the grip that nationalism has acquired over the population. If they train these guns on the system, with its Marxist-Leninist content, which by Soviet admission is a wide crack in the Kremlin wall, they are sure to elicit a sympathetic response from the Russian people against their Government.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 13*)

leads him to become a liar, a hypocrite, and only moderately successful. True, he wins and profits by the love of Margot Tender, his employer's wife, and marries Olga the girl who stuck out her tongue at him when he first came to live with Aunt Bess. But the same character that fates him to these successes keeps him from succeeding greatly. In the end he becomes, like his father, a pensioner of the wealthy he theoretically disapproves and practically emulates—an anxiety-ridden invalid whose ambition is confined to hoping for better things for his son.

Mr. Swinnerton is at his best in his portrayal of the reluctant hypocrisy of his protagonist. He shows us the spiritual smallness of James Probity, whose affair of love is mainly with himself, yet he also makes us see how and why this hesitant opportunist became what he did. In other necessary ways "An Affair of Love" is good, too. It illuminates the nature of British political life during the first twenty years of our century. The minor characters never become mere appendages of the main character. The vivifying particulars of a time and place do not darken the underlying significance for man now.

Notes

LIFE IN LE HAVRE: When the bombs of World War II destroyed the Saint Françoise district of Le Havre they wiped out a slum area that had been teeming with squalid life, picturesque, colorful, and lusty. Emile Danoen has set down a fictional celebration of the district in **"Tides of Time"** (published, in a translation by Mary Glasgow, by Ballantine Books: paperbound, 35¢, clothbound, $1.50). His story centers around the family of Adele Vittel, who came from Brittany in the early 1900's, worked hard, and then slipped into a life of easy virtue but hard work. She had three illegitimate children, who bore her own name since she wasn't sure who their fathers were. The lives of these children and of their children—radiating out from the pancake shop, which Adele took over, through the alleys and docks of Le Havre—provide the main story threads in "Tides of Time." As story, the book sprawls awkwardly and lacks balance. We move from the brutally murderous Roger, to the childhood love and violent adventures of Jeannot and Lydie, to the unhappy marriage of Louis and Marie primarily because the author makes us. Yet he has achieved a real tour de force in that with awkward storytelling he has managed to create an atmosphere of nostalgia around the most intractible sounding materials.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

HEARTS & FLOWERS: The flower-growing industry of California is unquestionably a colorful business and Evelyn Wells has attempted to squeeze every ounce of its color into her romantic novel **"The Gentle Kingdom of Giacomo"** (Doubleday, $3.95). She does this in two ways: one, by page after page of descriptions of flowers, flowers growing in fields, flowers growing in hot houses, flowers in a flower show, flowers cut and uncut. The second way is by providing a story. The story is about Tosca, the lovely granddaughter of Giacomo, the aging orchid king of the San Franicsco area. Tosca is headstrong, and doesn't know she is really in love with upright Eric, who is destined to inherit Giacomo's great skill as well as his greenhouses. Tosca is infatuated with Mark Cantrell, a wastrel from 'way back, and she almost louses things up before her author gets her straightened out. There is also a sub-plot about a taciturn lily-grower and his daughter who tries to blow up the orchids. —E. J. F.

OLD STUFF ABOUT THE OLD WEST: Girls are beginning to clutter up novels about the Old West, and this reader thinks the tendency is a mistake. True, there's only one girl in **"The Medicine Whip"** (Morrow, $3), but authors Margaret and John Harris keep stubbornly pushing her to the center of the stage and obstructing our view of the fights between the Indians of Wyoming and the runners of the ox train. The girl, however, isn't the only thing that's wrong with "The Medicine Whip." There's the plot. This revolves around the struggle between noble Whip Braden, a man's man if ever there was one, and hidebound Army Major Steve Chard. Part of it is, of course, over the girl, and the rest of it is the old one between the man of book learning and the man who has learned in the hard school of experience. Guess who wins. The characterizations are as transparent as cellophane and the plotting as predictable as the route of a toy train set. The fights are good, though. —E. J. F.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Thomas Chatterton. 2. Christopher Marlowe. 3. Virginia Woolf. 4. John Donne. 5. Laurence Sterne. 6. Percy Bysshe Shelley. 7. Sir Philip Sidney. 8. Edgar Allan Poe. 9. Oscar Wilde. 10. Robert Louis Stevenson.

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(*Continued on page 36*)

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(Continued from page 35)

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PUZZLERS: SEE THE SEA HORSES on PAGE 26.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. City where there was good news that night, according to Browning.	16 59 23 135 50
B. Siliceous limestone with calcareous matter leached away.	76 18 7 127 65 166 174 24 188 89
C. One place we don't want our fat (3 wds.).	163 29 144 115 153 180 39 176 139 53
D. Wife of the Vicar of Wakefield (2 wds).	13 98 145 75 155 32 87 17 179 131
E. Name of first Cunard liner (1840).	62 1 164 14 34 111 172 122 38 26
F. Describing an actor who knows his lines (comp.).	28 41 162 71 110 84 105 36 133 168
	148 90 130
G. Dayflies.	30 178 175 117 19 96 85 158
H. Made a low, coaxing sound, like a certain domestic animal.	106 124 97 146 57 170 9 186
I. Person whose earring was like Juliet in the evening, according to Romeo.	91 10 25 107 4 126
J. People of Burma, shorter and darker than the true Burmese.	45 128 125 185 66
K. Certain kind of handle, esp. of a sword, knife, or dagger.	109 20 78 181

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Science of housekeeping.	151 100 120 77 73 86 136 3
M. Arab chief.	152 116 56 134 99 35
N. First English digit listed in the dictionary.	156 72 160 95 58
O. Twist filaments of silk to form a thread.	108 161 169 79 51
P. Special material of silk or rabbit hair, used in millinery (2 wds.).	68 165 150 94 60 42 70 177 63 159 123 113
Q. Special stresses.	83 142 132 8 129 31 147 102
R. Having no name.	104 5 54 114 141 121 44 119 27 12
S. Another thriller by the author of "King Solomon's Mines."	137 103 69
T. Title of popular novel by Myrtle Reed, lampooned by recent thriller play by Crouse-Lindsay (first word; see Word U).	74 154 189 2 81 149 43 61
U. Last three words of title in Word T.	88 21 167 92 157 82 187 143 112 46
V. Drill command, to effect arbitrary division into two sections (2 wds.).	101 80 55 48 171 182 140 93 40
W. Last titular noun in the titles of the British sovereign.	173 11 138 49 33 37 190 118
X. Association of persons officially authorized to undertake some business.	47 183 15 6 64 22 184 67 52

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

							1 E	2 T	3 L	4 I	5 R	6 X		7 B	8 Q	9 H		10 I
11 W	12 R	13 D	14 E	15 X	16 A		17 D	18 B	19 G	20 K	21 U	22 X	23 A		24 B	25 I
26 E	27 R		28 F	29 C	30 G	31 Q		32 D	33 W		34 E	35 M	36 F		37 W	38 E
39 C	40 V	41 F	42 P	43 T	44 R	45 J	46 U	47 X		48 V	49 W	50 A	51 O	52 X	53 C	54 R
	55 V	56 M	57 H		58 N	59 A	60 P	61 T	62 D		63 P	64 X	65 B	66 J		67 X
68 P	69 S		70 P	71 F	72 N	73 L	74 T		75 D	76 B	77 L	78 K	79 O	80 V	81 T	82 U
83 Q	84 F		85 G	86 L	87 D	88 U	89 B	90 F	91 I		92 U	93 V		94 P	95 N	96 G
97 H	98 D		99 M	100 L	101 V	102 Q	103 S	104 R	105 F		106 H	107 I	108 O	109 K		110 F
111 E	112 U	113 P		114 R	115 C	116 M	117 G	118 W		119 R		120 L	121 R	122 E	123 P	124 H
125 J	126 I		127 B	128 J	129 Q	130 F		131 D	132 Q	133 F	134 M	135 A	136 L	137 S		138 W
139 C	140 V	141 R		142 Q	143 U	144 C	145 D		146 H	147 Q	148 F	149 T		150 P	151 L	
152 M	153 C	154 T	155 D	156 N		157 U	158 G	159 P	160 N	161 O	162 F	163 B	164 E		165 P	166 B
167 U		168 F	169 O	170 H	171 V	172 E	173 W	174 B	175 G	176 C	177 P		178 G	179 D	180 C	181 K
182 V	183 X		184 X	185 J	186 H		187 U	188 B	189 T	190 W						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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The Twain Shall Meet

YEHUDI MENUHIN

THE advent of the airplane, which has given us cause to ponder as an influence on the world in which we live, has at least made possible an acquaintance with the life-giving stimulus of India that was rarely possible for a musician previously. In earlier decades, a Heifetz or a Chaliapin bound on a world tour or en route to Japan or Australia might stop off in Bombay or Calcutta for a concert or two. But it was hardly possible to get there quickly enough to justify a trip to India alone.

At Prime Minister Nehru's invitation, I was able to plan a six weeks' visit to India last year in the late winter and early spring as I might go to South America or Europe. I found there so much that was new and satisfying to me as an artist that I cannot resist a feeling that in India the equilibrium of life is better balanced than elsewhere, that a greater unity of thought and feeling prevail than in the West.

On the other side, the emancipation of India from European domination has created a new curiosity about and interest in some aspects of Western life that had not flourished in India under colonial rule. One of these is Western music. Some thousands of Indians have been educated in Europe and have thus acquired some knowledge of Western music, but they are few indeed when compared with the hundreds of millions who inhabit this great area. To be sure, this was by no means a tragic situation, for Indian music, Indian culture, Indian philosophy and traditions were not, and are not, dependent on any Western contribution. They are quite self-sufficient, soundly conceived and adequate for the needs not only of India, but capable of being beneficial if adopted in a wider sphere of humanity.

Perhaps it would be well to set forth very briefly what I consider to be the essential differences between the music of India and the music of Europe. The first is a traditional, crystallized form of expression in which the performers and auditors partake of a resignation to environment and fate. It is a more contemplative, meditative, and passive form of music. It does not allow the surges of emotion and fury, the interplay of opposing forces to mar its detachment. It invites the listener to attain a state of meditation, of oneness with God.

The music of the West, of course, proclaims and asserts the personality of two individuals: one absent (the composer), the other present (the performer). This stimulates, by communication, the personality of each listener in the audience. It spurs him to proclaim in like manner his domination over, or at least his wrestling with, his fate and his environment.

Against this background it is easy to understand why the impact of Western music arouses great enthusiasm among its listeners in the East. And it is comprehensible why the first industrial nation of the East—Japan—has become one of the greatest areas for consumption of Western music (especially in the recorded form) in the world. I would not like India to follow in the footsteps of Japan with the same intent, nor is it probable that India would do so. The continental qualities as against the insular, the spirit of independent thought, the traditions of mental and physical exercise must continue to exert for some time in India an influence which would preclude such a rapid transition.

But in the long run I believe that, owing to the compression of the world and the accelerated communications between the hemispheres, the onslaught of Western music in India is inevitable. I do not refer, of course, to its commercialized forms, or to popular music, or the music of marching bands. The Indian people have already been exposed—perhaps too much so—to the mechanized, insensitive, and sentimental exhibitions of Western music. The question, rather,

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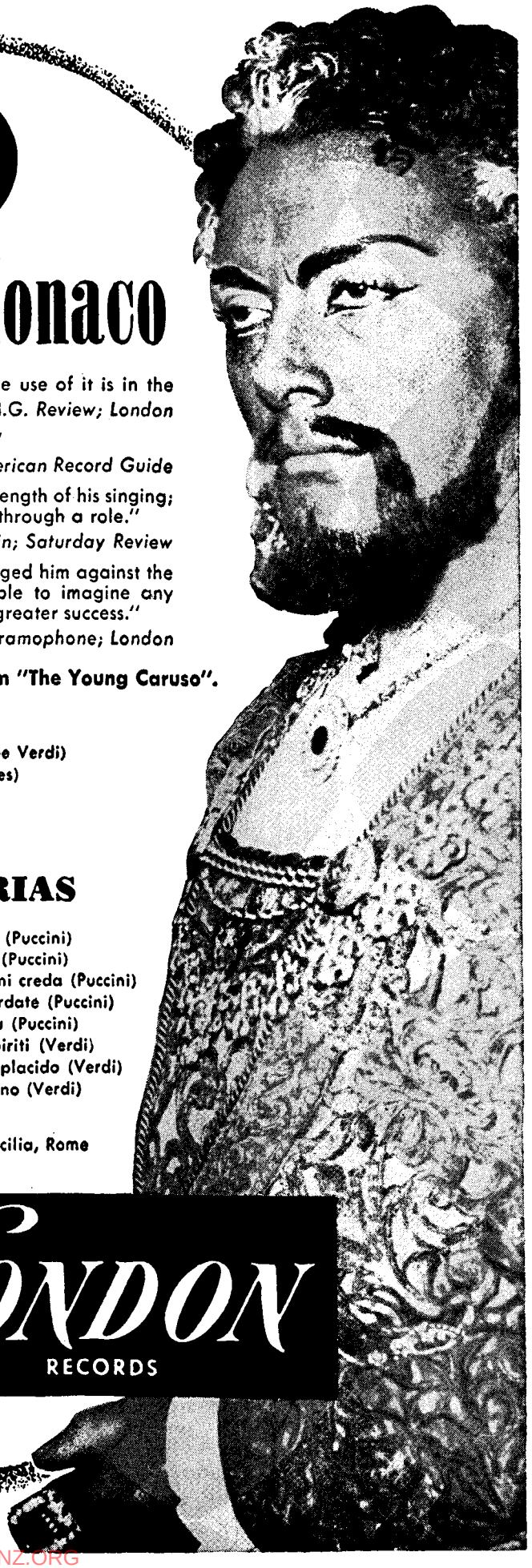

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Macbeth—Ah la paterna mano (Verdi)

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is how the highest manifestations of Western music can best be communicated to the Indian people. Shall it be by accident, by allowing nature to take its course, or shall it develop in an orderly and controlled fashion supported by the Government and the people of India? My answer is much in favor of the latter course.

As a result of my warming experiences in many parts of India from tip to top and many points around the perimeter, I felt a strong desire to offer such help as I could. From my conversations with members of our own Government's diplomatic staffs in India and those of the British I was encouraged to set forth some recommendations based on my observations—partially in recompense for the Prime Minister's invitation to me, partially to contribute what I can to the richer life of a country which appeals to me profoundly.

It is, in my opinion, necessary at this stage for the Indian Government and people to organize a complete institution on a national scope for Western music. This should be approached in the same manner that we of the Western world study an art foreign to us, the Greek theatre, for example, which we study carefully though we would not consider it a replacement for our own native expressions in the theatre. Study should be open to those Indians of greatest talent and inclination. From this national organization would come the source material—performers, lecturers, instructors—to serve the whole of India. It is certainly not necessary now for India to have more than one such institution. It is far more important to maintain the qualitative standard—in fact, I would say that at this point the quantitative measure is of no importance.

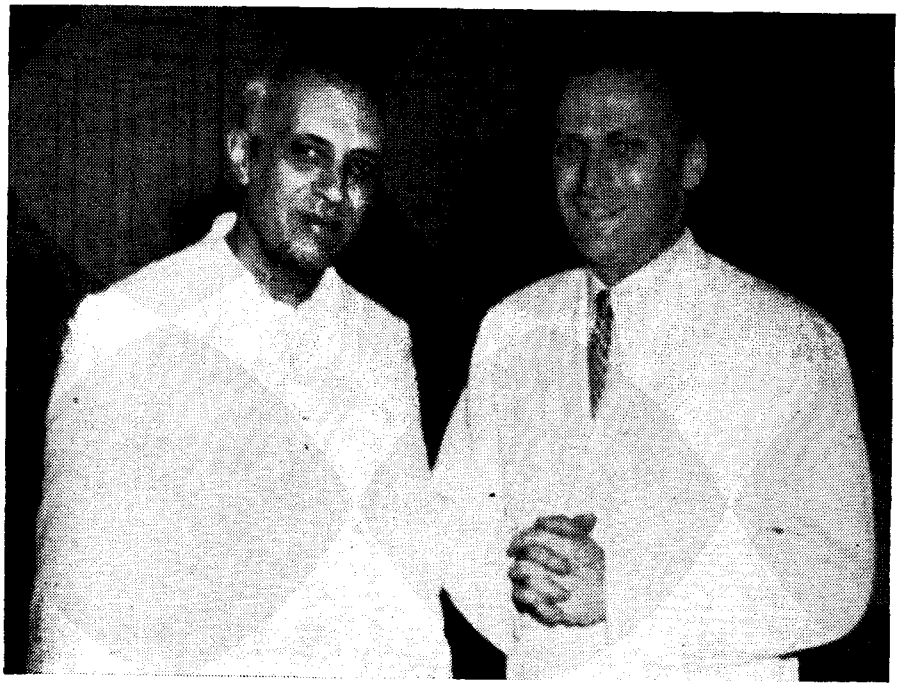
It is essential that an Indian be named as director. As far as teachers and staff are concerned, it would be necessary to engage men from Europe and the United States. During my six weeks in India I met only two people really conversant with and trained in Western music: Dr. Narayan Menon, of All-India Radio in New Delhi, and Mr. Melhi Mehta, of Bombay. The latter is a really competent violinist who has dedicated himself, after five years at the Juilliard School in New York, to the backbreaking task of pioneering this field in India. Mr. Mehta is to my mind well equipped to supervise the training of staffs and to preserve the interests of Indian music, which he knows well and fully understands.

This national institution should have allied to it a national orchestra. It is perfectly possible as of now to constitute a nearly first-class orchestra in India. I understand that Hyderabad had quite a good little orchestra which has been disbanded. If the very best musicians from all over India would be gathered together and Mr. Mehta allowed to organize and conduct the primary phases of their training, it might be well eventually to choose a Western musician to serve the quality ends previously mentioned—always with the understanding that the Indians themselves be encouraged to develop and produce their native talent in this field as in others.

IT would seem to me that such a program, with its obvious extensions into chamber-music groups, traveling ensembles, etc., would serve as a strong counter-irritant to the kind of discontent with Western ways which the Communist neighboring countries have sought to foster in India. The Western world has perhaps posed too long in the role of material benefactor. Among our great spiritual resources, music is one of our most varied and most valuable. It does contain the elements of the universal language generally attributed to it—though our arrogance inclines us to limit "universality" to the Western world. My experiences prove to me that Indians have a receptivity to our art which has not yet been encouraged. Moreover, the appeal of Western music (of all schools and periods) to the mass audience serves to mold their traditional ways to habits of thought and feeling more akin to our own, thus forging a stronger link in the understanding that must come to fulfilment if the twain shall, in fact, meet.

There is, on the other hand, much that the Western world can learn from the Indian musician's dedication to his art, which is not meant to be lived by or exploited. Perhaps one can never reverse a habit so firmly fixed as our own commercial system of musical performance, but we can refine and improve it by learning from the examples of others. To our composers, too, I think the intense sensitivity of the Indians to rhythm, the freedom of their melodic patterns, might provide new resources. And I think the kind of audience participation to be observed at the typical expression of Indian music-making—at which a clever turn of improvisation or a fresh expression of melody is greeted with an immediate, visible recognition—would be a great stimulus to a performer in any part of the world.

To be sure, for an ideal interchange to take place, Indian music should become as familiar to our audiences as Western music to theirs. But that calls for an adjustment not only in perceptions, but actually in mind, heart beat, pulse; whereas our music stimulates the listener in India, Indian music would require a profound readjustment of the sense of time by which life is ordered in the West, the opening up of an awareness of completely different tangible and intangible factors. It would close a cycle if the airplane, which can take us so quickly someplace, could bring back to us an influence to unhasten, or decelerate, our lives. That would be no small outcome of itself.



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World of Polyphony

PAUL HENRY LANG

J. S. BACH: *"Clavier Übung." Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord, Paul Callaway, organ.* (Haydn Society HSL 3056-3062, $41.65)

BACH'S entire life was spent in German towns and minor princely residences, and unlike some of the celebrated German composers of the eighteenth century, Handel, Hasse, Gluck, or Mozart, he never reached the great cultural and musical centers of the world. Yet this simple provincial musician somehow managed to acquire a comprehensive acquaintance with the music of the world, which he then proceeded to organize into *summae*. We know Bach as the embodiment of the High Baroque, and yet behind the heavy blocks of that baroque music, its triumphant chords and dramatic gestures, there hid the long past wonders of Netherlandish music. There was scarcely a living soul in the mature Bach's time who could receive this Gothic message, and if we want to be frank, we must admit that we too are at times puzzled by the echoes that come to us across the centuries, but we cannot escape the feeling that we are listening to the greatest architectural genius of musical history. For Bach wanted to design, to organize, to build. He was not a man of his time and he knew it, but that did not disturb him. Quietly and methodically surveying the musical output of the world, he selected what seemed acceptable to him, rejecting the uncongenial. Having mastered his material, he proceeded with Olympian sureness and grandeur to organize all this into apotheoses. Every group of works, especially the instrumental ones, his very own domain, represents such a summation and last testament, but even some individual works or subdivisions of groups (*e.g.*, the "Goldberg Variations" in this recording) are often unmistakably final syntheses.

There are many remarkable facts surrounding this large collection of keyboard music, called "Clavier Übung," that point to a conscious effort to present the world with a *summa* of keyboard music. First of all, these four collections constitute practically the only keyboard music of Bach's published in his own lifetime. Then there is the infinite care lavished on formal and textural variety as well as on contrapuntal treatment. The composer's preoccupation with regional styles is so marked that he even insists on linguistic differentiation in the titles and musical terms employed. An Italian *corrente,* with its uncomplicated fluid movement, is quite different from a French *courante,* with its piquant rhythms and capricious phrase lengths. Still another feature is his endeavor to present, in keyboard version, the chief types of orchestral music of his generation. The organ works, too, are so arranged as to sum up that most characteristic of Lutheran churchly instrumental music, the chorale prelude. Since they are prefaced by a great prelude and concluded by a colossal triple fugue, all types of organ music are represented.

The performing artists are masters of their instrument, but they are much more than that, they are devoted students and connoisseurs of the music they are interpreting. It is a rare pleasure to listen to their beautiful phrasing, fastidiously clean and correct ornamentation, spacious tempi, and wonderful feeling for part-writing. The harpsichord is crisp and clear as a bell, the organ not an *ersatz* orchestra but the interpreter of linear design ranging all the way from intimate lyricism to inexorable fugal maze. It must be noted that even the engineering was entrusted to a sensitive and cultivated musician, so it is no wonder that this unusual combination resulted in one of the most felicitous products the record industry has produced to date. We might add that the Haydn Society, always careful about their "commentators," did not have to look far for one, because Mr. Kirkpatrick is a seasoned musicologist who supplies his own notes.

This magnificent album of seven records is no doubt an expensive affair in terms of first cost, but since it supplies its owner with musical fare for years to come, the dollars actually shrink to cents when pro-rated. For this music cannot be casually absorbed, and a lifetime is none too long a span to enable the listener to discover all that the discs guard in their grooves. This is so because great as his musical ideas are, Bach's immense power rests on his shaping, architectural genius, on his ability to elaborate an idea in fantastic variety, under countless aspects, without exhausting it. It takes time, much time, to discover these wonders of ingenuity and I can think of nothing more rewarding than to sit down with this set, score in hand, and let these able artists conjure up again and again the mysteries of a thousand-year-old world of polyphony.

Ralph Kirkpatrick—"a seasoned musicologist."

Paul Henry Lang is professor of musicology at Columbia University and author of "Music in Western Civilization."

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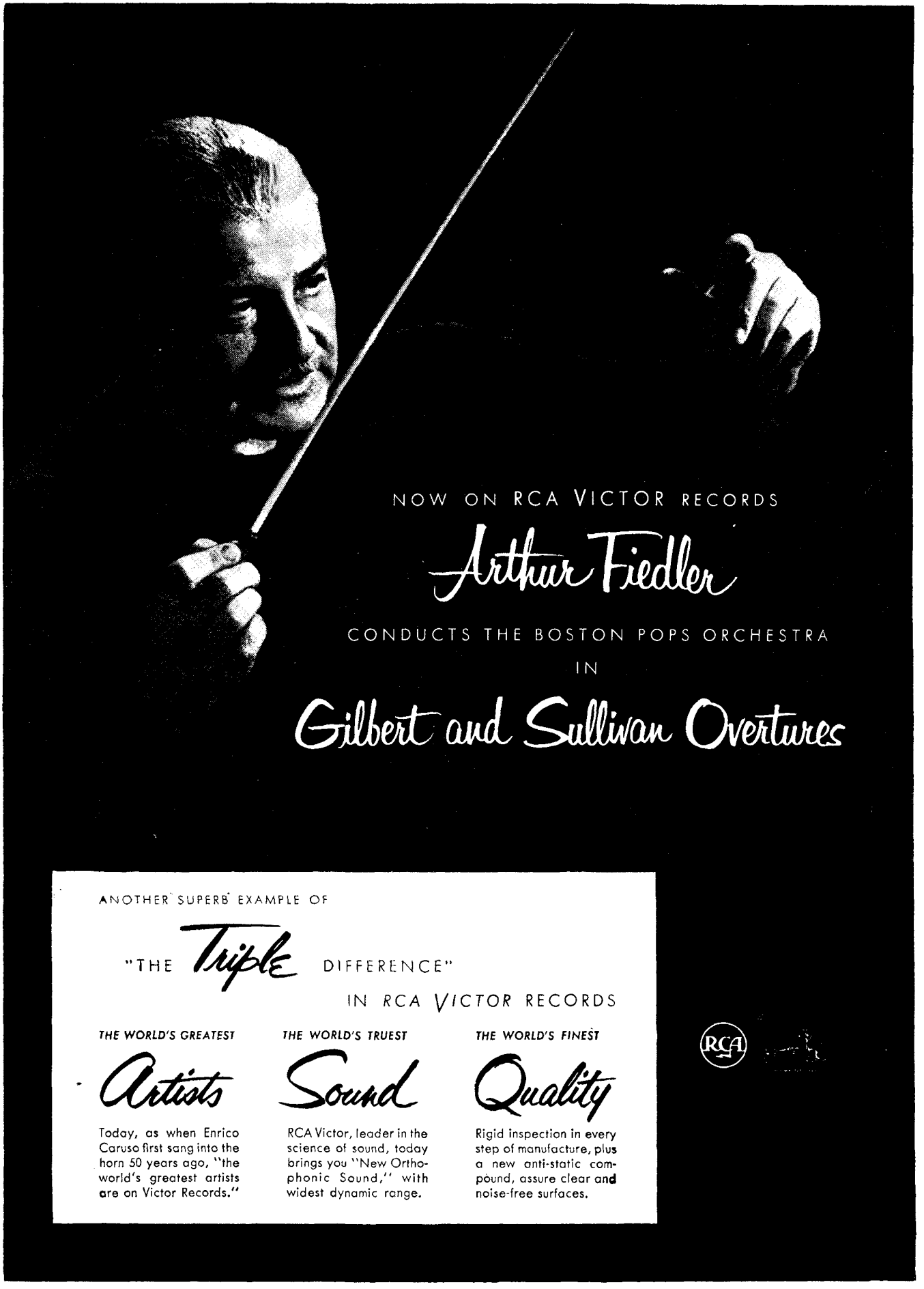
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Opera in English

A Sampling Pro & Con

▶ I SHOULD BE much angrier than I find myself at Howard Dietz's "Why Not Opera in English?" [*SR* Dec. 27] if Dale Warren's "Opera in English: A Layman's View" [*SR* Nov. 29] had not answered it summarily in advance. (With reference to Mr. Dietz, by the way, it seems to me clear that a man who can agree with John Mason Brown that "every opera is too long except 'Carmen'" simply does not like opera, however much he may be interested in something else that can be made out of it.)

The basic argument against translating opera has nothing to do with such side-issues as the customs of German or Italian opera houses, the qualities of a given translation, the singability of English, or the supposed desires of a public. It does have to do with genuine understanding of—and honest respect for—the operas that great composers have written. Mozart, Verdi, Wagner, and Puccini (to name four much in evidence just now) composed musico-dramatic wholes, integral elements of which are the vowel qualities, accents, consonantal structure, and other sounds of the words in the original texts. To change the words is to falsify the composer's document. Opera is not a spoken drama, and while it is good to know what operatic characters are saying, the really important thing is to hear what they are singing.

To rob "Voi che sapete" or "Pace, pace" or "Morgenlich leuchtend im rosigen Schein" or "Che gelida manina" of the order, weight, and sounds of its words is to change the composer's total intention almost as much as we should change it by rearranging his notes. I find no conviction in the repeated statement that opera translated into English would increase the number of opera listeners, already stupendous. But if we must perform this falsification, why not really go after the biggest public? After translating "La Bohème" into musical comedy patter, why not hire a Broadway composer to set that new text to the dance-band music beloved by far more Americans than any opera in any language can ever attract? And then why not give the resulting hash at the biggest Broadway theatre we can find, or on all radio and television networks combined, leaving the Metropolitan Opera House available for the presentation of great operatic creations as their composers, laboring with finical care, intended them to be heard?

HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

New York, N. Y.

▶ BRAVO FOR Howard Dietz! Two or three "untranslatable" syllables are hardly worth the price to pay for two or three hours of unintelligibility. This is especially true of radio and recorded performances where the visual suggestions are not present to aid the understanding. . . . The music itself has less chance of becoming tedious, commonplace, or merely background when we are brought into the story—which, in itself, gives the music meaning. . . .

LEO W. COLLINS,
Musical Director,
Spokane Opera Assn.

Cheney, Wash.

▶ THE INTERESTING exchange on opera in English by Messrs. Warren and Dietz showed that there is much to be said on both sides. After thirty years as a music critic I wonder whether the question of giving opera in the original tongue or in translation is one that calls for an absolute "either, or" answer. It depends on the circumstances governing a particular production—the opera, the company, the locale, the available singers, and the type and operatic experience of the majority of the audience. For the Metropolitan in New York, and for existing or future companies of a similar status in the other largest cities, the present Metropolitan general policy of adhering to the original language is preferable, but there are other companies and places for which opera in English might be advisable. There is room for both in this country. Unintelligibly sung opera in English is, however, worse than useless; one loses the artistic unity of a performance in the original language without gaining a compensating greater understanding of the dramatic action. . . .

FRANCIS D. PERKINS.

Herald Tribune,
New York, N. Y.

▶ THE SINGER happens to be a pretty important part of the operatic picture and if we advocate the maintenance of the original language on the basis of highly esthetic considerations (with which I can sympathize and which are not at all alien to me) we must go further and demand that the old system of importation be restored. If we are so meticulous in our demands for the original language, then we must not tolerate the often abominable violations of the original text by singers to whom the language of the work is foreign. This does not apply only to our American singers; in general, the American singers have a great facility for imitating the proper enunciations of the Italian, French, and German texts, though this does not mean that they understand what they sing.

But worse than that are some of the Europeans who come from one country where everything has been sung in the vernacular and all of a sudden have to relearn part of their repertoire in the original tongue. There is a story in circulation which must have happened a good many years ago at the Met. Two Frenchmen were sitting in the dress circle at a performance of Massenet's "Manon." The heroine was sung by a South American, the tenor was born in the United States, the baritone was Russian, the buffo was an Italian, the other baritone was an Australian, and only the old man Des Grieux was a Frenchman, Leon Rothier. He does not appear until the third act, and when he made his first entrance and started to sing the one French visitor turned to his companion and whispered: "Tiens, ils chantent en français." On another occasion a bass appeared in "Boris" and it was announced that he would sing in the original tongue while the rest of the performance was to be given in the then customary Italian. After the Hallucination Scene a man was seen in the lobby, shaking with laughter; he was reprimanded; how could he laugh after such a blood-curdling drama. He apologized and added in the way of an explanation: "I am Russian and it is funny to hear the Czar singing in Yiddish-Ukrainian dialect."

Such stories, even if they are anecdotes or vastly exaggerated, still give an idea of what goes on when an opera company has to operate with people who learn the words by rote and who understand the meaning of the WORD only vaguely and by courtesy of a tutor. Singing is more than vocal production; for its deepest effect it requires the identification of the artist with what he sings. Nobody who has had the fortune to hear Lotte Lehmann will deny this. . . .

ERICH LEINSDORF.

Rochester, N. Y.

▶ TRANSLATIONS TO THE English will certainly increase appreciation for European operas among American audiences, and that is all to the good; but even this will not supplant the greater natural appreciation and understanding that American audiences already have for American operas. Broadway musicals are not classed as American operas but that is what they are, nonetheless. These productions contain all the traditional operatic ingredients—book, music, ballet—in American form. Let us not insist that the

(*Continued on page* 65)

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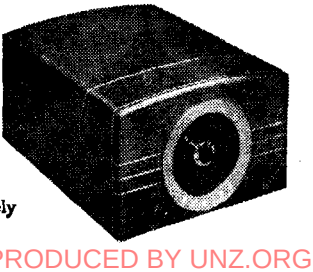

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Opera Roundup

PAUL HUME

NEVER underestimate the power of an operatic female. Good old "Gioconda," enjoying a current revival at the Met, has enjoyed more opening nights in the New York house than all but three other operas. And of those three "Gioconda" ties with "Faust" at four. "Aida" has had eight, "Romeo and Juliet" six. What's more, "Gioconda" was the first opera to receive its initial American production in the new house, back there in 1883. Its performances on first nights have been blessed with Nordica once, Destinn twice—these three with Caruso—and Ponselle and Gigli. Toscanini was the conductor on the Destinn-Caruso openers.

"Gioconda's" lengthy lines are now encased in their first, but not last, LP version. Urania URLP 229 ($23.80), on four discs, has achieved a thoroughly competent realization of the opera. In February, Cetra will release its bid for favor among potential buyers of Ponchielli's chance at immortality.

Urania's cast boasts Campora, as Enzo, and Corena, who produces more resonant Italianate power as Alvise than we have heard in anything else from his wonderful voice to date. Campora was a wonderful Cavaradossi in "Tosca." As Enzo he sounds tops except when he asks his voice for a trifle more than its best full volume. His dramatic sense is excellent, and he does not sob or glottis-strike to death the climaxes of his lines. Colzani is far better as Barnaba than he sounded in "Forza." All told, the men come off handsomely. Best of the ladies is Miriam Pirazzini's Laura. Her voice in sustained passages is rich and well handled. At the top it varies from its best, but that best is sumptuous.

Rina Cavallari's Cieca is adequate, barely. As for the heroine, Anita Corridori starts badly, improves steadily, but rarely gives two consecutive phrases with even effect. Her "Suicidio" is her best work, but she has neither the pianissimo nor the coloratura to crash through 100 per cent. The ensembles, small and large, are powerfully delivered, though we are frequently troubled by Corridori's difficulties with the high C, an important note in this score. This is a good "Gioconda," but wisdom suggests you wait until you can make your own comparisons with next month's issue.

There is no such need to wait and see which complete "Ballo in Maschera" you want. Victor's old set, now six or seven years old, is available on their Treasury reissue series. It has Gigli, Bechi, Caniglia, and Barbieri, with so fine a voice as Pasero's singing old Sam. But Renaissance has brought out a brand new, shining performance by French artists, soloists, chorus, and orchestra, conducted by the versatile René Liebowitz (SX 207, $18.50). The difference between French Verdi, little known in this country, and the currently familiar Italian style is fascinating to observe and completely beguiling in effect. Climactic notes are not held as long in Paris as in Milan; phrases are kept more in the shape devised by the composer, and the diction is clearer than in the Italian-made set.

You may discover, as I did, that this Verdi sounds more like Toscanini's than like Serafin's. Nor are these French voices a whit less adequate to the job than those of La Scala and Rome. Big, juicy sopranos, mezzos, and baritones liven up the proceedings here to overcome "Ballo's" dramatic lapses.

Jean Borthayre's Renato, carrying him into higher baritone regions, is magnificent. His is a big bass-baritone of immense artistry. Ethel Semser is a soprano who looks a top C and C sharp in the eye and then breezes through it with ease. The soprano arias in "Ballo" can be rugged and shapeless. Here they have steady lines

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and exciting peaks. Joachim Kerol's Riccardo lacks something of both grace and power, but he holds up his end of things in the general scenes well enough. Marie-Therese Cahn is an intelligent Ulrica. Aside from a strange hooty sound at the top of her voice, she is highly effective. Loly Valdarnini is agile enough for Oscar, without sending you far by the sound of her voice. The thing that makes this set rewarding, in addition to the several fine singers, is the conducting of Leibowitz, the Paris Philharmonic Chorus, and the Radiodiffusion Française Orchestra. The engineering and pressing are first class. All this occurs in seventeenth-century Boston, extending out vaguely to something like Brookline.

CETRA has an unqualified success with their "L'Elisir d'Amore" (Set 1235, $17.85). Donizetti's comedy is superbly sung by Alda Noni, Afro Poli as a fine Belcore, Sesto Bruscantini in a sparkling Dulcamara, and Cesare Valletti only slightly less smooth as Nemorino. "L'Elisir" is not the masterpiece that its successor by ten years, "Don Pasquale," is. But that is like saying the "Abduction" is not "Figaro." The world is happily arranged so that we may have both. Gian Andrea Gavazzeni, a conductor new to me, carries the orchestra and chorus of Radio Italiana along in bright manner. And as usual, Cetra gives a fine translation, a habit they share with Renaissance. Urania might take note.

Gasparo Luigi Pacifico Spontini is remembered today chiefly for his "Vestale," sung at the Metropolitan with notable success by Rosa Ponselle. Its high priest was Pinza's debut role on November 1, 1926, when the opera opened the season under Serafin, with Lauri-Volpi, De Luca, and Matzenauer completing the cast. The music, as is often said, reminds one of Gluck, though never to Gluck's disadvantage. Wagner was fond of "Vestale" and once prepared a performance for Spontini to conduct. Music from four Spontini operas, "Vestale," "Milton," "Olimpia," and "Fernando Cortez" is now available on Colosseum CLPS 1030 ($5.95), sung in mediocre fashion by Mirella Flery, Rita Ferrigno, and Antonio Pirino, with a chorus and the Scarlatti Orchestra of Naples. Little of the drama of "Vestale" emerges in the pale extracts given here, and less in the "Milton"-"Olimpia" scenes. There are a strength and vitality, however, in the scene between Alvaro and the High Priest, with chorus, from "Cortez." The recording is of uneven quality with a good deal of fuzz.

—PAUL HUME.

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Farewell to Fletcher

WILDER HOBSON

FLETCHER HENDERSON was delicately made, and it was always a graceful thing to see him poised at the piano among some of the most robust and authoritative brass and reed players in the business. His death last month at the age of fifty-five, after a long illness, deprived hot music of one of its finest arrangers and players, and struck me with a sense of personal loss. I don't think I ever exchanged a word with him, but his was the first absolutely top-rank hot combination I ever heard; I heard it repeatedly, with varying stars in the galaxy; and the Fletcher Henderson band, at its best, remains my idea of what the large jazz band, as against the small hot ensemble, can be.

The keynotes were fire and informality. Fletcher usually had at least twelve men, with three trumpets, two trombones, and three saxophones, but they played with the spontaneous spirit of a five piece free-for-all. There had been none of that excess drillmastery, that slick packaging, which has been a glossy and remarkable feature, and an abiding bore, in the case of many other large orchestras. The word "mechanical" never occurred. Fletcher wrote some of the most vigorous of jazz arrangements, such as his "Big John Special" and "King Porter Stomp," but his exultant boys made them sound as though they had been confected on the spur of the moment. His band regularly showed off its great soloists, with plenty of work for all, and then rode into all-out improvised ensembles of the kind which once prompted Henry T. Rowell, now a professor of Latin at Johns Hopkins, to observe: "In a moment they're going to get up and kill us." Fletcher never seemed to be leading a band so much as moderating, quietly, at a very eruptive symposium. The most informal episode I remember in connection with him occurred on an evening late in the Twenties when he came to New Haven exhausted after a heavy session in Ithaca. Early in the program he fell asleep at the keyboard, whereupon two of his more rugged side-men carried him out and put him to bed somewhere in the upper reaches of the Cloister Club. His place at the Steinway was promptly taken by an undergraduate, Walter H. Neff, who is currently high in the counsels of the United Air Lines. Bob Neff substituted admirably for Fletcher for the next several hours and, faithfully transported by the spirit of the occasion, today has no memory of the evening at all.

I heard the band, among other times, in 1927, when the incomparable trumpet duo of the late Joe Smith and the late Tommy Ladnier were aboard, and when the late Charlie "Big" Green held one of the trombone chairs. I heard it in 1936 when the late Leon "Choo" Berry had succeeded the great Coleman Hawkins at the tenor saxophone. I heard Fletcher play blues accompaniments for the late Mildred Bailey. And now it is the late Fletcher Henderson. I have been grateful to him for a quarter of a century, and so have shoals of other jazz players and enthusiasts. It will not be easy to forget the slender, genteel figure seated at the piano and smiling paternally at the ardent colleagues around him.

THE remarkable portmanteau history of jazz which Fred Ramsey Jr. is assembling for Folkways Records continues with its sixth splendid LP, "Chicago No. 2" (Folkways FP 65). This begins with a 1923 recording by King Oliver's famous colored band, "Sweet Lovin' Man," which is one of the finest efforts of this group I have ever heard—somewhat slower than most of the band's waxings, with all the great talents in clear and easy display. The rest of the sides are by celebrated white combinations of the place and period. The New Orleans Rhythm Kings also play "Sweet Lovin' Man." The Wolverines, with Bix Beiderbecke, play "Jazz Me Blues" and Beiderbecke's Gang offer "Margie." Charles Pierce's band is in the deepest Windy City tradition, low down and propulsive, in "Sister Kate," "Bull Frog Blues," "China Boy," and "Nobody's Sweetheart." A mystery combination, which sounds as though it were headed by Muggsy Spanier, plays a solid impeller called "Blue Slug 1." And then the Austin High School nucleus and their friends, under various names, are represented by their recorded masterpieces: "Jazz Me Blues," "Sugar," "China Boy," "Nobody's Sweetheart," and "There'll Be Some Changes Made." This is all scripture, and no other demonstration is necessary of the capacity of white men to play jazz of muscle and invention and plaintive poetry. With such temptation about, and the best Chicago jazz men are as seductive as a well-stocked and well-smoked barroom, it is even easy to entertain brief amnesias with regard to New Orleans.

—*Culver.*

Fletcher Henderson—"slender, genteel."

The agile versification of one of our best songwriters is featured in a new LP called "Lyrics by Ira Gershwin" (Walden 300). The tunes are by several of the best: George Gershwin ("Blah Blah Blah," "My One and Only," "I Don't Think I'll Fall in Love Today"), Vernon Duke ("I Can't Get Started"), Kurt Weill ("The Saga of Jenny," "Sing Me Not a Ballad"), Aaron Copland ("Younger Generation"), Jerome Kern ("Put Me to the Test," "Long Ago and Far Away"), and Arthur Schwartz ("Don't Be a Woman if You Can"). This selection gives a fine idea of the wide range of Ira Gershwin's competence, from brittle wit to broad romancing. The singing, chiefly by Nancy Walker, Louise Carlyle, and David Craig, is in an accomplished, showbusinesslike manner, if without much distinction.

The name of the trumpeter Bunk Johnson has been so inevitably identified with the revival of New Orleans classics—especially "When the Saints Go Marching In"—that it has come as a surprise to many of his admirers to learn that his musical mind strayed far out of the Crescent City. He wanted to play many sorts of popular dance tunes. And not only that; the band with which in his old age he became famous—including clarinetist George Lewis and trombonist Jim Robinson—was by no means his notion of a group ideally sympathetic to

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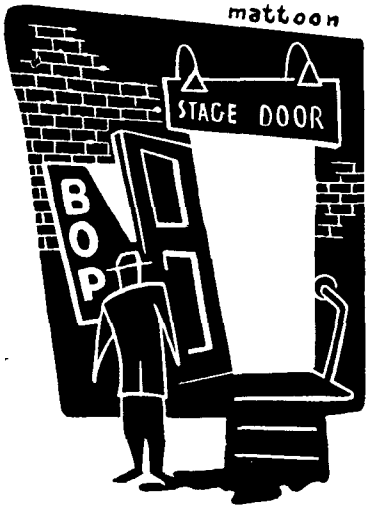
his own talents. Apparently he wanted a good deal less obsession with New Orleans themes and more temperamental versatility. Before he died he had a chance to hand pick a band, and it may now be heard on an LP "Bunk Johnson: The Last Testament of a Great New Orleans Jazzman" (Columbia GL520). The other players were polyglot as to background. Clarinetist Garvin Bushell had played with several big Negro groups and had even been oboe soloist of the Radio City Music Hall Orchestra. Trombonist Ed Cuffee had worked with Fletcher Henderson and Count Basie. The rhythm section of pianist Don Kirkpatrick, guitarist Danny Barker, bassist Wellman Braud, and drummer



Alphonso Steele had been all over the Afro-American lot.

The repertory on the LP is fascinating as to variety and includes a great deal of written as well as improvised music. There is a charming raggy fox trot called "Kinklets," by A. Marshall, and an irresistible piece of Latin-American business, "Maria Elena," by Barcelata. Standards include "Some of These Days," "Out of Nowhere," "Chloe," "Till We Meet Again," and "You're Driving Me Crazy." There are several rags—"The Entertainer," by J. R. Johnson, "Hilarity Rag," by James Scott, and "That Teasin' Rag," by Jordan. This is a versatile dance band, but its prime qualities may still be referred back to what is thought of as best in the New Orleans musical spirit—ease, warmth, poignancy, often a touching lyric innocence. Not all New Orleans jazz men have been accomplished technicians, but the best of them have been all of that, and the possessors of the greater asset—the essence of song. Perhaps Bunk Johnson had even more of it than he realized. He produced it with whatever band surrounded him.

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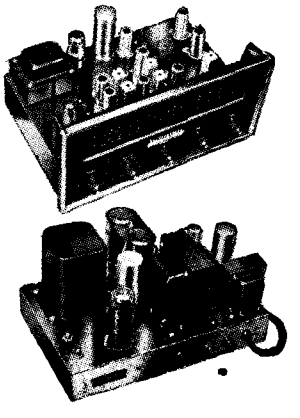

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Recordings in Review

"Ilya," Today & Yesterday

GLIÈRE: *"Ilya Mourometz." Hermann Scherchen conducting the orchestra of Vienna State Opera.* (Westminster Set WAL 210, $11.90) *Leopold Stokowski conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.* (RCA Victor LCT 1106, $5.72.)

THE today and yesterday of the phonograph have rarely been juxtaposed with more evidence of the progress that has been made over a dozen years or so than in the simultaneous appearance of these versions of Glière's staggering musical fresco. As of the day in 1940 when it was made, the Philadelphia Orchestra was still Stokowski's malleable wax and his impression on it is vividly, clearly preserved, in a recording that was then worth the word "magnificent" and still possesses remarkable vitality. As of the day in 1952 when Scherchen's version was made in Vienna, his material was merely very good; but what the Westminster recordists have done with this remarkable score promises to become as much a legend in its way as the RCA was in its.

That kind of progress is to be expected and it is gratifying to see it happen. What one finds startling, on a re-examination of Stokowski's "abridgement" (as it is called), is that he had virtually slashed the work in half, offering forty-five minutes or so of a score running to more than seventy. All the movements are cut some, the first (which contains much of the germinal material Glière works with later) by nearly 50 per cent. Thus, the impression of ordered chaos that one had formerly associated with Glière is, in fact, the creation of Stokowski, who used as much of the score as he wanted for exhibition of his dazzling orchestra, leaving the rest on the cutting-room floor. Films can be made that way, perhaps, but not performances of music. Nor, one imagines, serious recordings by serious artists any more.

As Scherchen's searching treatment demonstrates, Glière had a decided correlation in mind between his musical materials and the legend of Ilya he was illustrating. Heard in its entirety, the work is certainly a pastiche of styles, but it is also a remarkable feat of musical imagination, with some striking strokes of color which may stand as a culmination of the whole school of Russian tonal painting pioneered by Rimsky. At least we may now judge Glière wholly for what he accomplished, which was much, rather than for what Stokowski represented him as accomplishing, which was rather little.

—Sovfoto.

Reinhold Glière—"a remarkable feat."

Both the symphony and "Red Poppy" Suite on the fourth side of the two-LP set are produced with remarkable clarity and strength, two characteristics of such previous Westminster issues at "Lt. Kije" and the Mahler Symphony No. 5, here combined with even more virtue.

Six by Schnabel

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas No. 24 (Opus 78), No. 27 (Opus 90), and No. 32 (Opus 111). Artur Schnabel, piano.* (RCA Victor LCT 1109, $5.72.) *Sonatas No. 9 (Opus 14, No. 1), No. 13 (Opus 27), and No. 30 (Opus 109). The same.* (RCA Victor LCT 1110, $5.72.)

IN the way of restorations, this venture can only be compared to the Columbia reissue of the historic series of Beethoven symphonies conducted by Felix Weingartner, which it matches in artistic worth and surpasses in consistent technical satisfaction. Assuming that these strongly desirable first issues are succeeded by the seven or eight other LP's to complete the thirty-two sonatas (and the "Diabelli" Variations too, please!), RCA Victor can bask in our warm thanks for a worthy enterprise well accomplished.

For the fact is that those of us who don't happen to own the originals of these performances or have not had the opportunity to play them recently may well have forgotten, in paying lip service to the legend of Schnabel's artistry, just how he managed, in these sessions of the mid-Thirties, to match the ebb and flow of Beethoven's impulse, to parallel the rise and fall of the musical curve, with an equivalent power of his own. Our recollection of the late Schnabel as a musical intellect is more than sustained; what emerges with irresistible compulsion is the driving force of his emotional mechanism, in combination with a technical skill thoroughly suitable to the kind of literature that interested him.

Needless to say, the works that call forth these large tributes are the two late sonatas, one on each disc. There are more recent, estimable versions available of Opus 111 (especially the Kempff), but none matches Schnabel's richness of feeling or his depth of perception. Likewise, the E major. The shorter works, two to a side, are intelligently paired.

On the whole, the piano sound is better than one had reason to expect from masters as old as these. However, it must not be overlooked that the late Fred Gaisberg, of HMV, and Schnabel himself, made a labor of love of this project, and the durable values they achieved are an honor to the craftsmanship of both.

Smallens as Straussian

STRAUSS: *"Dance of the Seven Veils" ("Salome") and "Waltzes" ("Der Rosenkavalier"). Alexander Smallens conducting the Stadium Symphony Orchestra.* (Decca DL 4032, $2.50.)

THOUGH Alexander Smallens has chosen to steer his talent into the quieter channels of Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess" (which he is now pioneering in London), there are those of us who well remember his skill in charting the turbulent waters of the operatic repertory through some notable performances in Philadelphia as well as Chicago. Thus, the evidence of quality in these excellent recordings is more a reminder of ability than a revelation of it.

Smallens, the orchestra (the summer form of the New York Philharmonic), and the engineers achieve a specially happy partnership in the "Salome" excerpt, which has power, finesse, and mood in desirable proportion. The solo episodes for woodwinds and strings are notably well played, in fine balance, technically, with the total orchestral sound. The "Rosenkavalier" miscellany does not come off quite as well, but it is excellent supplementary value. As noted in connection with the Wallenstein-Los Angeles Philharmonic recordings,

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Decca's 4000 series shows that those in charge of it have a keen awareness of what constitutes good reproduced sound.

Light, & Lighter, Delius

DELIUS: *"On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring," etc. Felix Slatkin conducting the Concert Arts Orchestra.* (Capitol P-8182, $4.98.)

IN what seems a mystifying non-response to some degree of public demand, the Delius catalogue on LP shows exactly one additional item beyond the several collected here—that was Beecham's "Over the Hills and Far Away" for Columbia. Here we have not only the "First Cuckoo," but also "Summer Night on the River," the "Intermezzo" and "Serenade" from "Hassan," the "Caprice and Elegy for Violoncello and Orchestra," and the Prelude to "Irmelin."

The first two of these favorites, coupled on the first side, spread their atmospheric mist finely and pervasively, thanks to Slatkin's careful supervision and excellent solo playing by the horn, oboe, etc. This is not the most creative kind of conducting, but it is thoughtful and well proportioned. However, when it comes to the Delius of the cello pieces I must confess them cloying for my taste, though well played by Eleanor Aller. Rather than more of the light, and lighter, Delius, I should like to see some phonographic attention to such works as "Sea Drift," the "Village Romeo and Juliet," or "Paris," either through reprocessing of the Delius Society masters, or by fresh performances of them, preferably by Beecham. Capitol has contributed a nice, live sound to the present repertory, in a dynamic frame appropriate to the material.

Heifetz vs. Heifetz

MOZART: *Concerto in A (K. 219). Jascha Heifetz, violin, with the London Symphony Orchestra directed by Sir Malcolm Sargent;* also BEETHOVEN: *Romances in G and F. Heifetz, with orchestra conducted by William Steinberg.* (RCA Victor LM 9014, $5.72.)

IT has been remarked more than once, when you're Jascha Heifetz the only violinist you can be compared with is Jascha Heifetz—especially when the party of the first part chooses to remake a work which had become, in the party of the second part's performance, a musical classic. To reproduce the qualities which made that performance of nearly twenty years ago (with John Barbirolli) the superb thing it is—for it may well be reissued some day as part of the next generation's "Treasury"—is manifestly impossible. Musical artists grow and change like all other persons.

All we can ask, reasonably, is for no deterioration, and it seems to me that Heifetz has provided a tonal texture no less suitable to a rather more vigorous conception of the work than its predecessor, as high a level of conscientious artistry (particularly in the slow movement, which is lovingly sung), and an ease of execution that makes all of the work's difficult patterns as transparent as Mozart meant them to sound.

On the other hand, both fast movements lack rhythmic firmness, and the pace moves a bit nervously now and then. Erica Morini's recent version for Columbia with Pablo Casals is comparatively less glossy, but its spirit and vitality are distinctly her own, different from, rather than inferior to, Heifetz's. The simple fact is that on so high a level of quality as the performances just mentioned, arbitrary selection of one or the other as "better" would be a misreading of the critic's function. Both tell us a great deal about Mozart; which one says more is for the individual to determine. Even better, if the listener can own both, he will find them equally valid companions for different occasions. The Beethoven "Romances" on the second side (previously issued on 45 rpm) are beautifully played, but in a rather prosy spirit.

Early "Hour"

RAVEL: *"L'Heure Espagnole." André Deran, Janine Linda, etc., with L'Orchestre Radio-Symphonique de la Radiodiffusion Française conducted by René Leibowitz.* (Vox PL 7880, $5.95.)

WITH two further versions of this work noted for release within the next few months, its qualities are naturally subject to improvement; but if they should be surpassed, it would merely show the problems of competition these days, for it is in every respect an agreeable and musicianly version of Ravel's charming score that Leibowitz and company provide. Moreover, Deran is an excellent voice for Gonzalve as Linda is for Concepción, the orchestral playing is expert, the reproduced sound of the same standard that has won endorsement for the productions of "Pearl Fishers" and "Zaide" made under the same auspices, although issued on different labels.

More Bluebird

FRANCK: *Symphony in D minor. Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra.* (Bluebird LBC 1001, $3.10.)

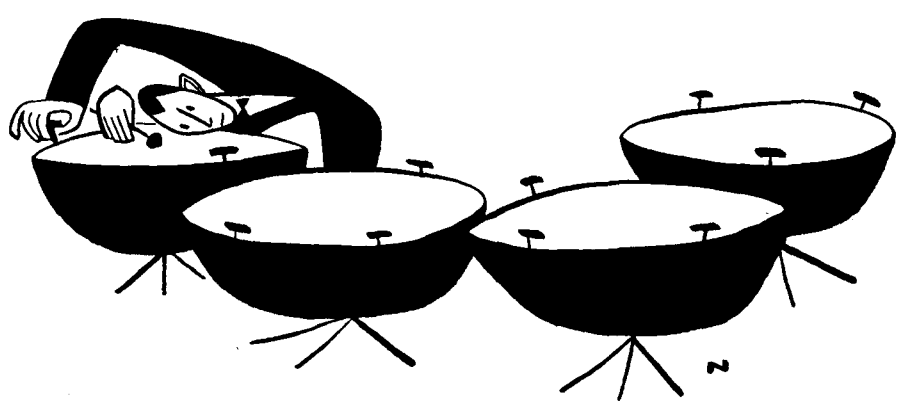
BRAHMS: *Symphony in C minor, No. 1. Same performers.* (Bluebird LBC 1004, $3.10.)

AS another aspect of the catalogue of lower-priced records recently introduced by RCA Victor, the playing, processing, and general presentation of these two works are definitely encouraging. Nobody needs to be told of the quality of the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra (with Reiner as conductor it sells at Red Seal prices); the sessions were held recently for the purpose of creating these discs, which means that the standard of recording is exceptionally good, and the surfaces are notably quiet.

Of the two works involved, it seems to me that Leinsdorf has had particular success with the Franck. The tempi are well correlated, the melodic essence distilled without too heavy a flavor of the "mysticism" sometimes considered appropriate. Orchestrally, the detail is especially fine in the slow movement, beautifully played by the Philadelphia strings and woodwinds. Here, too, the virtues of the Academy of Music as a prime area for recording are plain.

The Brahms is also attractive value, though I find some of the accents heavy for my taste. Rather than giving animation to a score inherently ponderous, Leinsdorf's treatment tends to make even more weighty its obvious values.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Brahms: Symphony No. 1. Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 1702. $5.72.	One of the great Toscanini accomplishments on records, measurably surpassing in vitality and virtuous sound the previous issue on 78 rpm. All the proportions are just, the flow of impulse constant from first to last. Marvelous climax in movement four.
Chopin: Ballades in A flat and F minor, etc. Vladimir Horowitz, piano. RCA Victor LM 1707, $5.72.	Highly personalized treatments of the two Ballades, stronger in outline and on a bigger dynamic scale than those commonly heard. Particularly beautiful sound in the F minor. Of the overside miscellany I am most taken by the B minor Scherzo, the masterful singing line in Horowitz's management of the bass figuration.
Chopin: Waltzes. Leonard Pennario, piano. Capitol P 8172, $4.98.	Rather erratic execution by Pennario, who has hardly the authority or experience to match the many moods of these works with sound interpretative ideas. Several of the pieces are brilliantly turned off, others decidedly underdone. Good sound.
Handel: "The Great Elopement." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. RCA Victor LHMV 1030, $5.95.	One of the cherishable Beecham specialties returned to circulation in continuous form. With it is the Mozart Divertimento in D (K.131) lately admired in a fine version on London directed by Harry Blech. Comparatively, the Beecham sound lacks the definition and firmness of the newer version but it retains its qualities of warm understanding.
Herbert: "Pan Americana," etc. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra "Pops." Columbia AAL 21, $2.85.	Ormandy puts his Capitol Theatre experience to profitable use in this repertory, which includes the "American Fantasy" and "Irish Rhapsody" as well as the readily recognizable if rarely identified "Pan Americana." What makes this the Philadelphia "Pops" rather than the Philadelphia Orchestra is hardly evident from the zesty playing or its all-out reproduction.
Mahler: Symphony No. 5 in C sharp minor. Bruno Walter conducting the New York Philharmonic - Symphony. Columbia SL 171, $12.11.	On its own this performance has many virtues, but these do not include sound quite as dazzling as that of the more recent Scherchen for Westminster. I also prefer the latter's more direct, less exaggerated treatment of the music. The odd side contains the eight Mahler songs formerly available in Columbia MM-809, sung with art and understanding by Desi Halban, with Walter at the piano. The reproduction both of piano and voice is below present standards.
Mendelssohn: Concertos in D and E minor. Yehudi Menuhin, violin, with the Berlin Philharmonic directed by Wilhelm Furtwängler. RCA Victor LM 1720, $5.72.	The E minor is, of course, "the" Mendelssohn concerto; the D minor, the forgotten work of his fourteenth year which Menuhin re-introduced last year. The latter has more than mere novelty value to commend it, for it shows Mendelssohn repeating much of the history of the musical species, and growing to individuality in so doing. Both Menuhin and the string group he directs himself are well reproduced. The beautiful and distinctive playing of the beloved E minor has another and not quite so satisfying style of microphoning—as if designed to moderate the rasp in Menuhin's tone, which here sounds uncommonly suave, and distant. Otherwise a remarkably successful collaboration.
Mendelssohn: "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. Fritz Reiner conducting the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 1724, $5.72.	So far as the Overture, Scherzo, Nocturne, etc., of this suite are concerned, I do not envy any conductor required to cancel out one's impressions of Toscanini's work with this score. Reiner performs methodically and efficiently, but with little evocative results. On side two the results are much more creditable in Debussy's "Petite Suite" (despite a rather languid "En Bateau") and Ravel's "Tombeau de Couperin." These two are particularly well reproduced, with a full accounting of the orchestra's singular qualities.
Mozart: "Madamina" and other arias. Fernando Corena, basso. London LS 671, $4.95.	There is more vocal virtuosity than characterization in these selections which range from "Madamina" to "In diesen heil'gen Hallen," from "Donne mie" ("Cosi") to "La vendetta" ("Figaro"). Corena's top is better than his low tones, his comedy more impressive than his drama. Peter Maag and Alberto Erede share the conducting. Throughout, orchestral values are underplayed.
Mozart: Sonatas in A (K.305 and 526) and F (K.376). Alexander Schneider, violin, and Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord. Columbia ML 4617, $5.45.	An addition to the previous issue on LP of several Mozart sonatas by the same players, involving much the same factors: playing of animation (sometimes a *soupçon* too much) and admirable style, offset by the questionable place of a harpsichord in this literature. It tinkles too much, to my ear, for the patterns it plays. Crystalline recording.
Rachmaninoff: "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini." The composer playing, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski. RCA Victor LCT 1118, $5.72.	Priceless documentation of the way a standard work of the literature sounded when new, and as played by the composer. The sound is tubby and without much resonance, but the artistic experience is there. On the second side Rachmaninoff plays his F sharp minor Concerto (No. 1) in its revised edition of 1917 with the same orchestra directed by Ormandy. Much of it anticipates ideas more powerfully expressed in other works, but it has its melodic moments. This recording is more satisfactory.
Sibelius: Concerto in D minor. Jascha Heifetz, violin, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. RCA Victor LCT 1113, $5.72.	This reissue would have had more impact prior to the issue of the highly successful version with Isaac Stern also collaborating with Beecham. The Heifetz execution has lost none of its finesse and sensitivity, but the amount of value in the orchestral sound cannot compare with that of today. With it is the Chausson "Concerto" (for solo violin, piano, and string quartet) which dates from appreciably later (1941) and sounds rich still, though sometimes veiled. It provides a pertinent reminder of how good an ensemble Sascha Jacobsen led in the Musical Art Quartet of this recording, also showing Jesús María Sanromá in a decidedly favorable light.
Tchaikovsky: "Capriccio Italien" and "Theme and Variations" (Suite in G). Carl Schuricht directing the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire. London LL 640, $5.95.	A reasonably jolly "Capriccio," though neither so dazzling in thought nor as high-spirited in execution as the Beecham on Columbia. With it is a rather routine performance of the "Theme and Variations." Good but not outstanding reproduction. —Irving Kolodin.

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"Mr. President"

THE POWER of the phonograph to recall the past and heighten memory by establishing a new time relationship has been pioneered so thoroughly by Edward R. Murrow and Fred Friendly in the I Can Hear It Now series that any utilization of the same technique of juxtaposition must begin with a debt to that trailblazer. What James Fleming, as narrator-editor, and Michael Zeamer, as director, have done in "Mr. President"* is to take the single theme of the Presidency and recall for us some of the variations on it which we have lived through since 1932.

As the sequence starts with Franklin D. Roosevelt's ringing enunciation of the oath of office and is followed immediately by Adlai E. Stevenson's thoughtful evaluation of the burdens of the Presidency (as part of his acceptance speech at last year's Chicago convention) it cannot be said to be striving for pure historical sequence. But in the two personalities we have a framework of recollection filled in by almost innumerable others: Al Smith, Alfred Landon, Wendell Willkie, "Cotton Ed" Smith, Huey Long (a particularly vivid sample of his personality in a denunciation of "Frank-lin De-la-no Roos-e-velt"), Lindbergh, Churchill, Thomas E. Dewey, and, of course, Harry S. Truman and President Dwight D. Eisenhower. At the very end is a dramatic stroke (which I will not reveal) that shows what creative imagination can do with such a device as tape.

The record will serve a different function for almost everyone who hears it—recollection of where one was at a given moment of history, or how one feels now about one of the speakers as against how one felt at the time; confirmation of some doubts about the political sagacity of some of our leading figures; rekindling of admiration for others. Certainly, no one who went through the last campaign can listen to Stevenson's reading of his telegram of congratulations to Eisenhower without a renewed sense of the emotional strain this involved, the will-power being mustered to do an unpleasant chore.

All of us know that the human voice changes under conditions of stress or apprehension, but "Mr. President" points vividly the change in FDR's from one phase to the next, down to the last grim statement to the Congress; the tension in Truman's when he made his first statement to that same body of which he had been a member; the new warmth that returned to Eisenhower's when, a winner at long last, he read his message to his defeated opponent.

In this respect, it gives a new kind of imagery to history by recalling the exact sound of these many moments known to us so well from pictures. It sets in motion a whole train of recollection bearing on our past, while bringing us more clearly into focus with the future. Speaking merely as a "contemporary" rather than an authority on any phase of the material involved, I would say Fleming and Zeamer have done a valuable piece of work, one that entertains, instructs, and stimulates. This new revelation of the burdens of office, which, as Stevenson said, "stagger the imagination," also makes us conscious of the importance of filling its requirements properly. —THE EDITOR.

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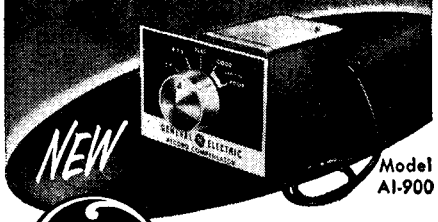

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Some Highs and Lows

POPS, CRACKS, SIZZLES

EVERY progression toward an ultimate perfection in the reproduction of sound produces in its beneficiaries an unprecedented discontent. Specifically, vinyl and similar soft plastics, reducing the noise of friction, made an apparently noiseless background a frequent actuality and so provided a new criterion of non-interference. But every slight violation of this—every pop, crackle, hum, rumble, or sizzle, small things compared to the relentless contrapuntal scratch of the good old days—extorts resentment because of its contrast with the apparent perfection of silence attainable. Here, chemistry—which with TNT has contrived a noise of unsupportable magnitude—enlists on the side of art to suppress an otherwise unsupportable bombardment of microphonic popples.

The popples are superficial in origin and in part visible in their cause. Unwanted microscopic indentations in the groove can cause them, and a record so flawed cannot be repaired; but the ordinary cause is the presence of minute particles of alien matter—dust, lint, ash, hair, powder, etc.—in the groove. Meeting there the stylus in their revolutions, the invidious specks cause an impact which the sensitive pickup transmits on its way to eventual emergence from the speaker as an exacerbating pop. The guilty agent then is dirt: if we cleanse the record we suppress the miniature explosions.

The first instinct is to water, which serves. A soft cloth dampened and passed *lightly* over the surface of a record in accordance with the spiral of the groove will remove most of the foreign particles. The trouble is that this must be done for each playing of each side, a vinyl disc having a mischievous attraction for dust. Friction, the slightest, on its surface, generates a crackling electricity which draws everything light, near, and free. The record delivered immaculate to the stylus will be specked after a playing, unless the electrical charge is neutralized.

TO accomplish this we are offered chemicals—magic imprisoned in vials or textiles. At present we are being offered at least eight varieties. Their manufacturers profess that their use will eliminate static charges, and some of the manufacturers profess other faculties that their products cannot possibly have. If they can prevent the storage of electricity and the attraction of dust, they are valuable; when it is claimed that they will improve the quality of reproduction and prolong the life of records, they must be regarded with wary eyes. Anything interposed between the stylus and the walls of the groove *must* be tonally deleterious. We are fortunate that the degree is imperceptible with all but one of these chemicals. None of them can prolong the life of a record; all can retard its rate of wear by

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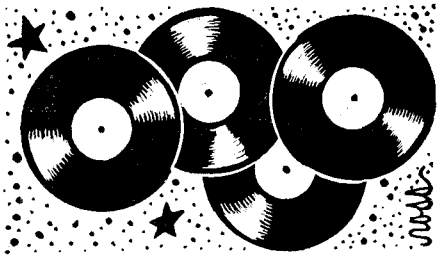

cleaning cutting particles out of the groove. So can water.

Their advantage over water must be in resistance to evaporation. The best would be that which remained effective longest. This little survey, undertaken in haste at the request of many correspondents, has not had time to determine the duration of effectiveness. A postscript next month will state what by then will have been ascertained. As a preliminary, rather informal trials were held of the eight cleansing agents to determine their immediate efficacy. Readers who have the simple equipment utilized here could conduct the same test for one or more of the products under consideration. This equipment consists of (1) a phonograph, (2) nine LP's, (3) a camel's hair brush four inches wide, (4) a lighted cigarette, (5) some pieces of soft rag, and (6) three harlequin great Danes.

Three of the latter are used as a perhaps extreme precaution against the unlikely possibility that the tests might coincide with one of those brief moments when one Dane, or—even more implausibly—two, would not be shedding. No other dog will do.

The procedure follows: a Weingartner disc, unanointed with any chemical, but vigorously brushed with the camel's hair brush which generates an active electricity, is placed on a revolving turntable and the pickup is lowered. The three Danes advance and wag their limber but steely tails in critical approval. The disc becomes furbearing. The other eight discs are each treated, according to directions, with one of the static-eliminators. After the intervention of the Danes the records should be hairless. Cigarette ash may be dropped upon the discs in substitution for the infallible agitation of the Danes, but the method is less lyrical and is not automatic.

Whether ash or bristle, the deposit should be removable by a puff of breath or the soft brush—if the static has been eliminated. The chemical should prevent a new accumulation of static by the action of the brush if the chemical is good. An electrically charged disc that has not been treated cannot be thoroughly cleaned of unwanted matter on both sides without the application of fluid.

Two sprays under compression, three bottles of liquid to be applied by a cloth or sponge, one saturated cloth, one piece of chamois, and one treated velveteen brush were tried. Some seem to accomplish their duty: some do not. Rather than be unfair to those which may, in haste, have been improperly applied, conclusions are postponed until the results are incontrovertible. In the meantime the writer, for all except nine of his records, uses a camel's hair brush followed by a gentle rotation of cheesecloth dampened at the tap and thoroughly squeezed.

—C. G. Burke.

Audio Fair, L. A.

The first audio fair on the West Coast will take place at the Hotel Alexandria in Los Angeles on February 5-7, inclusive. Over one hundred exhibitors are expected to display a variety of audio equipment and components. The editor of Recordings will be present and looks forward to meeting audiophiles and music lovers in the Los Angeles vicinity.

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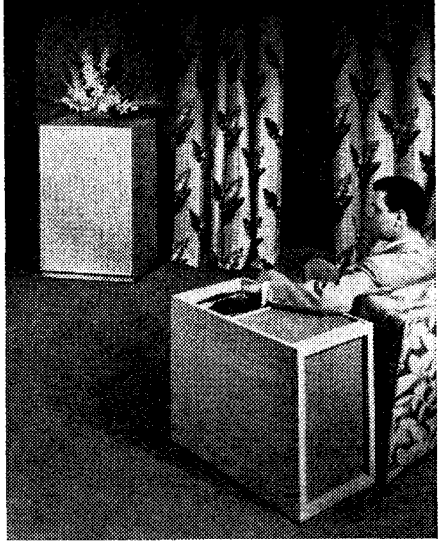

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Spotlight on the Moderns

PROKOFIEV'S oratorio of 1950, "On Guard for Peace" (Vanguard 6003, $5.95), has been relegated without much ado to the stack of records I have never finished listening to. A little of this rabble-rousing fanfare, this noisy breast beating, this unctuous narration with militant background (making our old March of Time seem idyllic by comparison) goes a long way. I lowered the pick-up for brief snatches over the portion I could not get myself to listen to consecutively and it always came up with something that brought back distant memories of a compliant little boy at school assembly rending his heart over one patriotic anthem or another.

Shostakovich's Ballet Suite No. 1 (Vanguard 6004, $5.95) was also a trial to hear through to the end, but for other reasons. What made me persist was curiosity as to how long the composer could keep up this unmistakable vein of music for the cocktail hour without some surprise. By tending to chores while it ran its course, I pretended the radio was on and I was waiting for news. The notes claim it is a series of pastiches of familiar ballet styles, "poking fun" at the composers evoked. The allusions are far too literal for this. The Shostakovich is coupled with Prokofiev's lovely second suite from the ballet of 1936, "Romeo and Juliet," which is not at all new to LP but is a nice reminder in this company that Soviet music was not always so apathetic. All three works were recorded in the USSR, the oratorio under the direction of Samossoud, the ballet suite under Gauk, and "Romeo" under Mravinsky.

Prokofiev of still earlier vintage, the choice vintage of 1917, is currently obtainable in a new recorded version of the First Violin Concerto played by Ricardo Odnoposoff with the Radio Zurich Orchestra conducted by Hollreiser (Concert Hall CHS 1160, $5.95). This, however, is much the least consequential side of the LP, for the available Szigeti and Oistrakh versions are capable of taking care of this concerto for some time to come, while the Stravinsky Piano Concerto on the reverse side makes its LP debut on this recording and is a far less familiar work all around. Composed in the earliest days of what is loosely known as his "neo-classic" conversion, the concerto has some of his austerest harmonies. At the same time, curiously enough, it contains some of his freshest and most exuberant passages. The austerity was his determination to establish his new position in 1924, while the exuberance is a reflection of the varieties of Frenchified ragtime that were in the air at the time. The fascination with wind instruments and with the changes he could ring on them had been with him for some time. The concerto, calling for an orchestra of winds with double basses and tympani, was just one more superb result of this fascination, following close upon "Mavra" (1922), also confined to wind orchestra, and the wind Octet (1923). It is very gratifying to have at last a respectable recording of this fine little work. Walter Goehr is the admirable conductor, and Mewton-Wood's playing is rewardingly clear and rhythmic. The muffled quality of the piano reproduction is, however, regrettable.

A brooding, rhapsodic style, for which Bloch's "Schelomo" provides the prototype, has so long made demands on the unswerving allegiance of all who write for cello that Virgil Thomson's playful, witty, and tuneful concerto seems all the more welcome an addition to the limited repertory for this instrument (Columbia ML 4468, $5.45). It employs standard classical patterns: sonata allegro, theme and variations (perhaps the most inspired section of the work), and rondo finale. Yet it also seems to tell a story, and such subtitles as "Rider on the Plains" and "Children's Game" encourage the mind to look for one. In this general respect, and more specifically in the cavalier role of the cellist and his bold function as an almost integral part, a separate choir, of the orchestra, the concerto is akin to Strauss's "Don Quixote," though its method and esthetic are very different, and I doubt that any deliberate intention was being made to evoke the German tone-poem. The concerto's finale alludes to the similar movement in Beethoven's Piano Sonata, Opus 10, No. 2, which is based on a German folksong, and this is mated smoothly and resourcefully

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by Thomson with his characteristic and highly personal American folk evocations. The composer has warmly acknowledged the counsel offered him by Luigi Silva while he was writing the work. Silva is adept in this recording at executing the special instrumental effects of the highly idiomatic solo writing, but his tone is nasal at times. The orchestra is the Janssen Symphony, and it is heard on the reverse side in a suite from "The Mother of Us All," which awakens desires to hear this Thomson opera again.

ISRAEL CITKOWITZ has retained his reputation as composer through a small handful of works written some twenty years ago, and musicians, especially singers, have been waiting ever since for him to add to a highly promising youthful output. Meanwhile, the young and enterprising New Editions has had the bright idea of rescuing his three very fine Joyce settings from oblivion as part of its second release ($5.95). It is also good to see some attention given on LP at last to Theodore Chanler, whose "Eight Epitaphs" represent only a small fraction of an output of songs that belong among the century's best. The selection of American songs also includes a handful by two gifted young composers. William Flanagan is one of our most sensitive young composers, and he is especially keen and skilful in writing for the voice. Russell Smith's songs are facile and musical, but a few obvious sentiments and formal or harmonic miscalculations betray his immaturity. Sara Carter's sweet singing and Bernard Weiser's accompaniments have the advantage of nice, live reproduction, and the record all in all is a good buy.

Hershey Kay did quite a slick, inventive, and highly entertaining job of orchestrating and adapting Gottschalk's music for the ballet "Cakewalk" (Columbia ML 4616, $5.45). Its virtues are pretty much of Broadway caliber, but high-class Broadway, and of a kind to make some top orchestrators seem uninventive by comparison. It does not stand up too well on its own for anything but short periods of listening to individual numbers. But it is a veritable sourcebook of orchestral devices for composers who want to recall the era of American minstrelsy, or American Victorianism in general. Also, I found it more engaging than Morton Gould's serious and undeniably serviceable score for "Fall River Legend" on the other side. If Gould had as much style and personality as he has technique he would cut a formidable figure on the musical horizon.

—ARTHUR BERGER.

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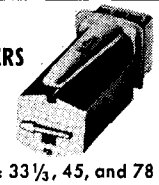

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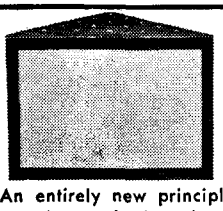

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Pop Roundup

THE hard-core demand for "spontaneous, unrehearsed, uninhibited" jazz session discings was well established before long-play, thanks mainly to Norman Granz's Jazz at the Philharmonic series. But the slow speeds have made jazz into big business. Long-forgotten tapes and even off-the-air cuttings are finding their way onto commercial pressings and in several instances are runaway best sellers. There are, for example, the wonderful Benny Goodman concerts on Columbia (SL-160, SL-180), both of which originated in the late Thirties.

Some of jazz's great moments have come to light among the microgrooves, though one must invariably spin through miles of nonsense to find them. Much of the mass appeal, it seems, lies in comical extra-musical sounds and most frequently in the contagion of a steady, monotonous rhythm or an oft-repeated riff. There is a relatively high ratio of interesting and/or exciting jazz of the modern though not extreme school in a long-player entitled JAZZTIME USA, Vol. I (Brunswick BL 54000, 12″). This particular "concert" was staged especially for recording, and an audience was let in to fuel up the players' enthusiasm. Most of the interest is concentrated in the "A" side, which features a group of stars directed by vibraphonist Terry Gibbs. Gibbs is a dynamic performer and he has surrounded himself with such worthies as Howard McGhee on trumpet, Kai Winding on trombone, Billy Taylor on piano, and the surprising Don Elliot on mellophone. On the perennial "Flyin' Home," taken at a breath-taking pace, there is constant invention and technical dexterity from all participants. Taylor, one of our favorite pianists, is outstanding with his solo performance of "Three Little Words," which concludes the side. The overside, featuring Mary Lou Williams and her group, fails to come off. Miss Williams's piano solos, however, are as interesting as any we have heard from her "demi-bop" period.

The pioneer jazz label, Commodore, has resuscitated Baron Timme Rosenkrantz's historic TOWN HALL JAZZ CONCERT of June 1945 on four ten-inch LP's. This is the pre-bop jazz that typified Fifty-Second Street before the strip shows and Chinese restaurants took over. Recalling my excitement at the time over several of these soloists, I now find this hard to justify. Of course, Red Norvo and Teddy Wilson dominate the gathering, and that's all to the good. Norvo's gently persuasive vibes are heard to best advantage in VOL. I (FL 20,023), Wilson, the impeccable pianist, in VOL. IV (FL 20-029). The "swingin'est" side in the set comes in VOL. III (FL 20-028), when the Stuff Smith Trio takes the stage. Smith was more than a madcap, and his pianist is the above-mentioned Billy Taylor, who had just returned from a residency in France. Stuff leaves the impression that the fiddle may be the ideal jazz vehicle.

Commodore, a Manhattan record shop with a jazz collecting clientele, began making its own records when the major companies indicated their reluctance to record hot jazz. About the same time, a dozen or so years ago, the Liberty Music Shops issued their own line for that chain's sophisticated patrons. Liberty was the first to record the pianist Cy Walter, Park Avenue's answer to Art Tatum. These early Walter recordings stand as the best he has done and Liberty has packaged thirteen tunes on a ten-inch disc, PIANO STYLES OF CY WALTER (LMS 1007). Included are the much-copied arrangements of "Body and Soul," "Dancing in the Dark," and medleys from "Pal Joey" and "Lady in the Dark."

In the light of Lady Peel's current Broadway reign, THIRTY MINUTES WITH BEATRICE LILLIE (LMS 1002) should prove one of Liberty's

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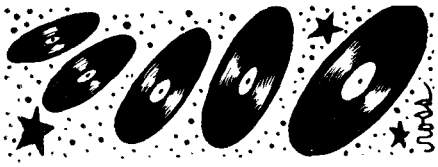

more popular items. Cut more than ten years ago, it carries few selections from her current repertory, but those who relish the Lady's delicate ribaldry and the perfect timing of her delivery will get hours of enjoyment from such as "I Hate Spring," "Get Yourself a Geisha," and "Paree." . . . It seems strange to encounter Lee Wiley and a bunch of jazz boys on the Liberty label. The cause that brought them together was SONGS BY COLE PORTER (LMS 1003) and SONGS BY GEORGE GERSHWIN (LMS 1004). I prefer these to Miss Wiley's more recent Columbia discs. Her voice was fresher and more imbued with the jazz spirit, for which she could perhaps thank her supporting cast. The LP sleeves carry no mention of these musicians, whose importance today would seem to be more than incidental. Taking part in the Porter volume were the late Fats Waller on piano and the late Bunny Berigan on trumpet. Berigan turns in some of his best work here, and there's even a little take-off on Henry Busse, complete with shuffle rhythm by Fats, in "Hot House Rose." In the Gershwin set, there's a generous sampling of Joe Bushkin's piano, Bud Freeman's tenor sax, and Max Kaminsky's horn.

Dance Discs

Recently M-G-M formed a subsidiary label, Lion, which features long-playing dance discs at the low price of $1.69, plus tax. Of the half-dozen received to date, all have been satisfactory and several have been excellent. You're unlikely to find better dance music anywhere than that provided by Henry Jerome and his orchestra in DESIGNED FOR DANCING (Lion E70004). The band is patterned after the old Hal Kemp organization, with breezy woodwinds and staccato trumpets. Included are such current hits as "Glow Worm," "Why Don't You Believe Me," "Don't Let the Stars Get in Your Eyes," etc. . . . There's serviceable Latin material in a collection of rhumbas, mambos, and sambas by Rafael Font and his orchestra (E70002). It includes such present-day favorites as "Pianolo," "Magdalena," and "Come to the Mardi Gras." . . . In the Continental style we have waltzes and tangos by Maximilian Bergere and his orchestra (E70003), which includes the "Rosenkavalier Waltz."

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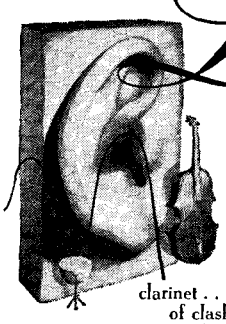

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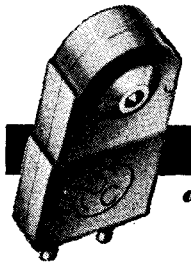

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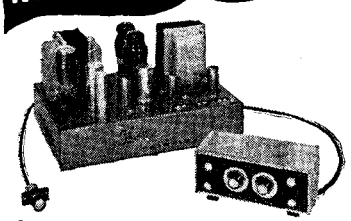

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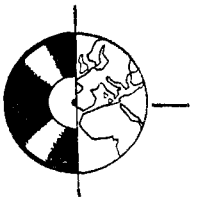

LONDON.

AS we enter 1953 the expected realignment of forces in the British record industry is beginning to take shape, and we do not have to look back more than six or seven years to realize how greatly the balance has shifted. At the end of the war EMI still bestrode the scene like a colossus while Decca counted for very little. Today we see a somewhat shrunk and humbled EMI, looking decidedly the worse for wear, face to face with a triumphant and self-assured Decca, with both of them casting somewhat apprehensive glances towards the third corner of the new "triangle of phonographic power," a corner where Philips has just taken its place, arms folded and with an expression that seems to say, "Here I am, and here I mean to stay."

There cannot be any doubt that Philips is determined to become a great power in the land, and that the famous radio firm has the means whereby to achieve that aim. Those who had not fully understood the significance of the tie-up between Philips and American Columbia, which was so modestly announced a year ago, must have found Philip's first advertisement in the current issue of *The Gramophone* an eye-opener. Under the heading "Philips present The Records of the Century" it gives an impressive list of artists who will be appearing under their banner, including orchestras such as the Berlin Philharmonic, New York Philharmonic-Symphony, Philadelphia, Concertgebouw, and Royal Philharmonic; conductors include Beecham, Mitropoulos, Ormandy, Stravinsky, Szell, and Walter, while among the instrumentalists we see such names as Casadesus, Sandor, Serkin, Francescatti, Stern, Szigeti, Primrose, Casals, and the Budapest Quartet.

But Philips is in no hurry and, to begin with, only a small number of popular ten-inch shellac discs will be forthcoming. For the first releases of serious music on LP we may have to wait until the summer, by which time Philips's new record factory, now being completed, should be in its stride.

Meanwhile, Decca has begun the New Year in great style with another bumper release of some forty LP discs, and has caused considerable merriment by its latest display of irreverence towards HMV. In an advertisement compiled of "New Year Resolutions," Decca promises, among other things, "to spread good will and be kind to all, especially to animals (helping lame dogs over stiles, for instance)." In case the subtle allusion should escape us, the accompanying drawing shows a little terrier (unmistakeably our old friend Nipper, who normally spends his life looking into the horn of an old-fashioned phonograph), one of his paws bandaged, being helped over a stile by a friendly and intelligent-looking young man who sports a pipe and a peaked cap!

FOR the present, Decca and EMI seem to have worked themselves into a kind of rhythm which will bring us a large LP release from one or other each month. Decca, whose turn it is this month, proudly announces that, with the sixteenth release, a grand total of 742 long-playing discs is now available on its own and its satellites' labels. For the first time a selection of Brunswick "classics," derived from the recordings of American Decca, is included, more than half of these featuring the Zimbler Sinfonietta in music by Mozart, Boyce, Hindemith, and others. Capitol, too, makes its largest contribution to date and, to keep the Telefunken flag flying, we have four discs of rather conventional fare (Tchaikovsky, Brahms, Wagner, and Smetana) contributed by the I.N.R. Orchestra, Brussels, under Franz André and by the Bamberger Symphony under Keilberth.

Decca's own list (London to you) contains much that is attractive, including Strauss's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" Suite (Vienna Philharmonic/Krauss); Handel's Organ Concerti Op. 4, Nos. 1 and 2, brilliantly played by Jeanne Demessieux and the Suisse Romande under Ansermet; Cello Concerti by Boccherini and Vivaldi in which the soloist is Pierre Fournier (evidently Decca's latest "capture"), who also contributes a miscellaneous recital. Kathleen Ferrier, who was awarded the C.B.E. for her services to music in the New Year's Honors, gives us a group of Bach and Handel arias, assisted by the London Philharmonic under Boult, while the Fifth Symphonies of Tchaikovsky and Prokofiev are played by the Hamburg

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and Danish State Radio Orchestras respectively, conducted by Schmidt-Isserstedt and Erik Tuxen.

A NEW British company, Monarch, has just entered the field with a modest list of home-made LP's. The best of these contains the "Jupiter" Symphony and the adorable "Serenata Notturna," K.239, both of them stylishly played by the Haydn Orchestra of London under its gifted, young, Canadian-born conductor, Harry Newstone. I have heard many performances of the "Jupiter," both live and recorded, by illustrious orchestras under famous conductors which have satisfied me far less than this unassuming but loving and thoughtful reading. Another Monarch issue has a good deal of curiosity value, if little else, to recommend it. A selection of rarely heard tenor arias by Rossini, Donizetti, and Bellini, all with very high tessitura, is sung here, with piano accompaniment, by one Benvenuto Finelli (a British "tenorino" who used to sing under the name of Bennett Fynn). He has a thin and colorless little voice but possesses an astonishing upper range able to encompass even the notorious F in alt of "Credea si misera" from "I Puritani." It is an astonishing note, even if it sounds a little as though someone had just stabbed him with a large pin!

EMI's January releases are confined to short-playing discs of both types and for the first time Columbia and Parlophone have entered the 45 rpm field. The 45's are, without exception, re-issues of 78 rpm successes and include Victoria de los Angeles's best-seller, Granados's "La maja y el ruisenor"; the Figaro/Almaviva duet from "Il Barbiere" (Silveri/Infantino); and other operatic selections by Schwarzkopf, Hammond, and Christoff.

On 78 rpm the month's magnum opus comes from Columbia. It is a further volume of twelve records in the British Council-sponsored Anthology of English Church Music. Like its two predecessors, it allows us to hear England's leading cathedral choirs in the edifices whose names they bear, performing music by composers ranging from Thomas Tallis to Ralph Vaughan Williams. From a technical point of view the recordings are rather variable and not all the singing is of the highest quality, but the set does contain some splendid examples of the kind of music you could expect to hear in Canterbury Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, or York Minster. Other Columbia issues include a new version of Fauré's "Ballade" in F sharp major, Opus 19, played by the veteran French pianist Marguerite

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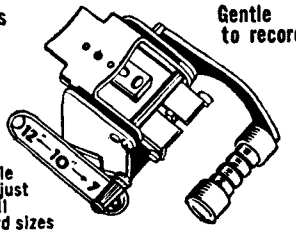

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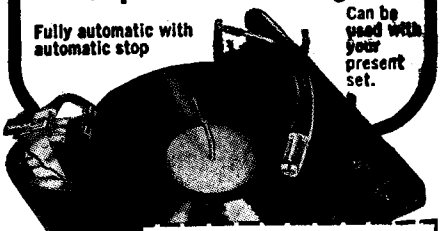

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Long with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under Cluytens; Kletzki and the Philharmonia continue their outstanding Berlioz series with the "Roman Carnival" Overture; Gieseking is heard in two Brahms Intermezzi (Nos. 1 and 3 of Opus 119), and the Danish harpsichordist Liselotte Selbiger plays the Sonatas in E major, L.23, and in D minor, L.422, by Scarlatti in sparkling fashion. Schwarzkopf's fine "Dove Sono" from the complete set of "Figaro" has been issued as a separate disc, while on another Columbia record we have Senta's Ballad from Act II of "The Flying Dutchman" in which the impressive, if at times rather unsteady, soprano of Leonie Rysanek is heard against an exciting background furnished by the Covent Garden Opera Chorus and the Philharmonia under Wilhelm Schuechter.

THE Australian recording of Massenet's "Scènes Pittoresques," just issued by HMV, is, as far as I am aware, the first we have ever had from that land of fine singers, kangaroos, and lawn-tennis giants. The performance by the ABC Sydney Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Eugene Goossens is agreeable enough while the recording, though somewhat coarse in the higher regions, suggests that the Great Hall of Sydney University possesses very satisfying acoustics.

From nearer home comes the ballet music from Verdi's "Macbeth," not previously recorded, which contains a beautiful and characteristic cello cantilena but little else of interest. Together with the Prelude to "Aïda" it occupies two twelve-inch discs and is finely played by Markevitch and the Philharmonia. One of the highspots in a series of concerts last October, when Cantelli took over the Philharmonia after Toscanini's departure, was an ultra-sensitive performance of Ravel's "Pavane for a Dead Infanta." This exquisite moment has been captured for us by HMV, and the beauty of Dennis Brain's horn solo seems to have hushed even the customary shellac surface noise into near-silence.

Edwin Fischer, who will next month undertake the unusually strenuous task of playing and conducting all the Beethoven piano concerti—plus the Triple Concerto—in two concerts at the Festival Hall, is heard at his musicianly best in Schubert's "Moments Musicaux," Opus 94, Nos. 1 and 4, while Gerald Moore, the "unshamed accompanist" makes one of his rare solo appearances on two ten-inch discs, playing ten pieces from Bartók's "Mikrokosmos" in skilful and intelligent fashion. Vocal releases in-

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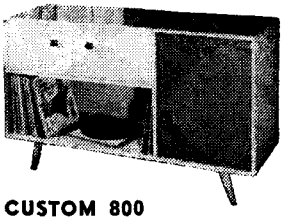

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clude two Schubert songs, sung by Kirsten Flagstad with Mr. Moore back at his usual place; "Frühlingsglaube" is taken too majestically perhaps, but "Im Abendroth" suits her admirably, even if I have heard her sing it more effortlessly in the past. Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, basso, who has just scored a great success at Covent Garden as "Boris Godounov," stars on two HMV discs of the Act II Finale of "La Forza del Destino," where he is assisted by Joan Hammond, the Covent Garden Chorus, and the Philharmonia under Fistoulari. It is an impressive issue, but in the beautiful aria "Vi ravviso" from "La Sonnambula," which serves as fill-up, Rossi-Lemeni lacks the requisite smoothness. Lastly, we find the popular tenor Jussi Björling, accompanied by Ivor Newton, singing "Ah love, but a day!" by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach and "I bless ev'ry hour" by the Swedish composer Sjöberg.

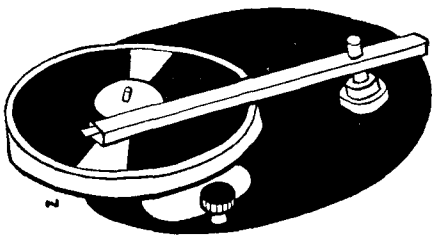
—Thomas Heinitz.

* * *

Paris.

THE skill and wisdom of Nadia Boulanger have recently been impressed into two new recordings, which will eventually be released by American Decca. With a small orchestra, chorus, and the soloists who have long been associated with her name she has recorded a group of operatic scenes by two French composers, Marc-Antoine Charpentier and Jean Philippe Rameau. Charpentier (not he of "Louise") had the misfortune to attempt an operatic career at a time when the field was dominated by Lully, a composer of great skill but equally great ability to maneuver any possible rival into immediate disfavor. The one important Charpentier opera which has survived (in a relative sense, since he is all but unknown even in France) is his "Médée," a brilliant work which clearly shows the hand of a dramatic genius. In listening to selections from this opera (at an informal rehearsal before the recordings were made) I was struck time and again by the resemblance in the long and expressive vocal lines to the melodic curves of Purcell's "Dido" and to the powerful harmonic resource of Monteverdi. The particularly "French" aspects of the score are the knowledgeable use of instrumental color, especially the woodwinds, and the sensitive response to the rhythms of the language. For her recording Mlle. Boulanger has chosen several long scenes from the opera, about forty minutes' worth in all. Outstanding to my ears was the long lament of Medea occurring late in the opera, superbly sung by the Greek soprano Irma Kolassi.

For the LP of music by Rameau,



Boulanger has chosen scenes from several operas, designed to illustrate the varied aspects of Rameau's style. One tends to minimize the dramatic side of Rameau's music in favor of those elements which are more typical of his rococo period. A clear panorama of Rameau's operatic style, however, must include works of a dramatic nature: his "Dardanus" (with its remarkably somber Prison Scene), "Hippolyte et Aricie," and the delightful comedy "Platée. In these works Rameau shows himself a master of vivid characterization, and one finds there a power of expression that clearly belongs in the stream that flows through Gluck's "Alcestis" to "Idomeneo" and "Zauberflöte." In presenting a sort of "florilège" of Rameau's operatic music Mlle. Boulanger hopes to stimulate interest in eventual complete performances and recordings of these operas.

—Alan Rich.

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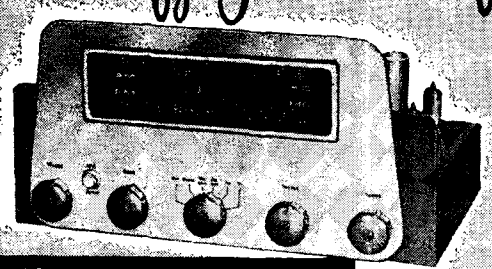

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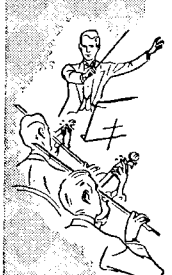

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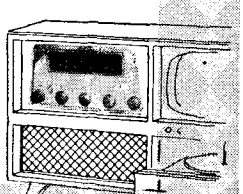

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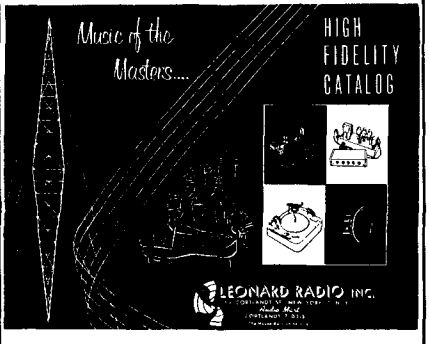

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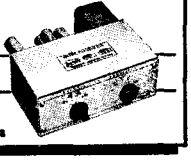

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Music from Spain

HERBERT WEINSTOCK

SPANISH music, and particularly music from the Spanish popular theatre, is not at all the same thing when performed by outlanders as when performed by Spaniards. The more sober works of such composers as Pedrell, Albéniz, Granados, and Falla were frequently cast in forms and idioms of which non-Spanish interpreters can hope to become masters. But the ever-popular *zarzuelas, sainetes,* and *pasillos** of such epidemically popular composers as Federico Chueca (1846-1908), Tomás Bretón (1850-1923), Ruperto Chapí (1851-1909), and Gerónimo Giménez (1854-1923) remain as stubbornly native to Spanish blood, muscle, and bone as *cante jondo* and castanets. Very welcome are long-playing records of a complete one-act *pasillo cómico,* the highlights from a one-act *sainete lírico,* and orchestral selections from eight *zarzuelas* and operas. They are Montilla records, apparently recorded in Spain and pressed in Puerto Rico. As recordings they are clear, lifelike, well monitored, and of smooth surface. Each is in an album containing an excellent descriptive booklet in Spanish.

One Montilla album (FM-LP 7, $4.95) contains complete on a single ten-inch record Chueca's *pasillo cómico* entitled "Agua, Azucarillos y Aguardiente" (1897), a title that might be approximated by "Water, Sweetmeats, and Fire-water." As performed here under the direction of Ataúlfo Argenta by the Chamber Orchestra of Madrid and a capable cast of singers headed by Ana María Iriarte, Toñy Rosado, and Juan Encabo, it is funny, vivacious, and rich in expert turns of musical satire. Its most famous number, a satirical chorus of pastry-vendors, is knowingly handled by the chorus. In the typical plot, a dissipated young man, having persuaded the proprietor of a drink-stall to give his sweetheart's watchful mother some knockout drops, is accidentally handed the drugged drink himself. The Madrid background is swiftly and attractively sketched by the music, and the entire brief comedy is played out to high-spirited musical developments of an attractive sort.

Ruperto Chapí's "La Revoltosa" (FM-LP 3, $5.95), first played in Madrid in 1897, is a more operatic work, though called a *sainete lírico.* With the same orchestra and conductor, and with Ana María Iriarte again singing the female lead, "La Revoltosa" ("The Turbulent Girl") has passages of real lyric beauty in addition to its themes of farce and local color. Thus, the love duet between the heroine and hero (sung by La Iriarte and Manuel Ausenci) is both expressive and very Spanish. Its chief theme inevitably recalls the "fate" motive in "Carmen." The story of "La Revoltosa," concerning the desire of all the men in a neighborhood for one girl, and her preference for one of them, is too complex for synopsis. The accompanying booklet gives the complete text, though the recording is condensed. Even as here excerpted, "La Revoltosa" brings to the ear, and as though to the eye, the Madrid of the turn of the century.

"Música de España" (FM-LP 6, $5.95) is one twelve-inch record containing eight orchestral selections played by the Chamber Orchestra of Madrid conducted by Ataúlfo Argenta. All naturally played in the true and only vein, the eight are: an intermezzo from Giménez's "La Torre del Oro" (1902); the prelude to Chapí's "El Tambor de Granaderos" (1894); intermezzos from "El Baile de Luis Alonso" (1896) and "La Boda de Luis Alonso" (1897), two of Giménez's spectacularly popular *zarzuelas;* the prelude to Chapí's "La Revoltosa," apparently taken from the condensed recording discussed above; from Granados's opera "Goyescas" (produced at Metropolitan Opera, 1916) the intermezzo, which might have been replaced for American consumption by something less hackneyed; an intermezzo from "La Pícara Molinera" (1928) by Pablo Luna (1880-?); and the *jota* from "La Dolores" (1895), an opera by Bretón. Most of these excerpts are fresh and evocatively vivid. The orchestral playing suggests that in Ataúlfo Argenta the Spaniards have a worthy successor to Enrique Fernández Arbós. Exotic in the exact sense of that word, most of the music on these three Montilla records supplies new tints, new, tempting, and welcome flavors, to the ever-growing feast of LP.

* In general terms a *zarzuela* may be likened to *opéra-comique* or *Singspiel,* a *sainete* to an American musical comedy, and a *pasillo* to an extended vaudeville sketch.

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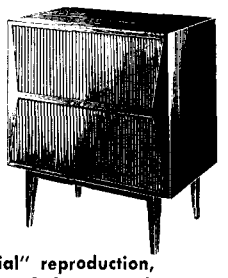

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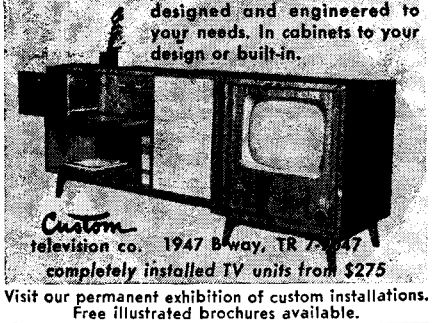

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OPERA IN ENGLISH

(Continued from page 44)

only true yardstick for measuring American operas be how faithfully our composers follow the pattern of European operatic works. The Metropolitan Opera is an attempt to transplant as nearly as possible a European institution. This is said neither to praise it nor to condemn it; it is to say that a culture transplanted from one continent to another must change or die out. This could account for the financial floundering of the Metropolitan and the phenomenal success of Broadway musicals. To those who espouse the cause of European opera, a Broadway production of an American musical—no matter how superbly the cast sings—always will seem inferior in quality to a Metropolitan production of, say, "Lakmé," even though the coloratura should lack true pitch but employ the proper European operatic technique. An American audience can appreciate, understand, and thoroughly enjoy a production of "Oklahoma!" in English, but I wonder whether a German audience would as fully appreciate or understand "Oklahoma!" in either German or English; even Agnes De Mille's expressive ballet would have less meaning to them than to us.

DOROTHY M. KAUFMANN.
Phoenixville, Pa.

▶ MY ARTICLE, "A Layman's View of Opera in English," to which Howard Dietz and John Gutman so vigorously object, was not submitted to me in proof, and certain of the points to which Mr. Dietz takes particular exception were introduced by the editor—notably "conversational" (quoted five times), "paraphrase" (three times), and "artistic fallacy" (twice). The "Chi son" which he singles out in two instances as an isolated example was, in my original article, merely one phrase in a related sequence, and I met the contention that "a joke is not funny if you don't understand it" by expressing my belief that a joke is not much funnier if you understand only half of it.

Mr. Dietz writes that "on the Met's 'Fledermaus' tour, people came for hundreds of miles on wintry nights to hear a great company sing in English." Possibly some of them came as well to hear the music of Johann Strauss.

If Mr. Gutman is familiar with "The King's Henchman" (words by Edna St. Vincent Millay), to which I originally made reference, and with other long retired, or even recently retired, operas of strictly American origin and sung in English, it would have been interesting to read his comments. As for his "Divinities of sticks," the French pronunciation happens to come closer to "steeks"—and if one has never heard of the River Styx, the chances are he is wasting his time and money in an opera house, particularly when Gluck is being performed.

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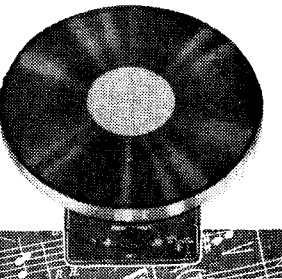

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Battery-Operated Equipment

▶ IS THERE ANY record player made that will play on batteries? Down here many of the outlying banana farms do not have electricity. I have a friend on one of them who comes to our house just to listen to music. While reading your issue about the Audio Fair, it occurred to me that maybe some of the many manufacturers listed might possibly put one out. Electricity is so common in the States that maybe it never occurs to any of them that there are many communities in Latin America still without electricity and with people living in them who love music.

MARY BEASLEY.

La Lima, Republica de Honduras.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To the best of our knowledge no such equipment is available.* RECORDINGS *has received several letters like Mrs. Beasley's from outlying parts of the world. Are these latter-day pioneers to be denied permanently the bounty of LP?*

Vintage Casals

▶ I HAVE RECENTLY acquired an old Columbia record by Pablo Casals of "Après un Rêve" (Fauré) and "Spring Song" (Leuckhardt). Have you any information about this record, about when it was issued or its probable worth at present?

THOMAS FORD WRIGLEY.

San Diego, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The record dates from the acoustic era, having been issued before 1920. According to the recently published "Price Guide to Collectors' Records," it is worth three dollars. This guide will be useful to any collector who wishes to assess the worth of his old records. It can be ordered from the American Record Collectors' Exchange, 825 Seventh Ave., New York 19, N. Y., for $2.50.*

The Editor's Equipment

▶ AS A FORMER subscriber to *The Saturday Review*, I came back into the fold recently when I became aware of your publication's increased emphasis on recordings and high-fidelity equipment.

At the present time I am in the process of assembling a hi-fi outfit and from reading your columns I get the impression that your "system" must be sensitive indeed. Would you mind revealing what components, from the pickup to the speaker system, comprise your complete unit so that people like myself can at least be guided in some measure in assembling a complete home sound unit.

A. J. KLEIN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The components include a Pickering arm, Reko-Kut motor, Fisher amplifier and Master Audio Control, and a Stephens speaker.*

Calling a Spade a Pique

▶ ONE DOESN'T LIKE to have one's favorite weekly make even a slight mistake, so here goes to correct one. A review of "Pique Dame" [*SR* Nov. 29] starts out by remarking: "Pique Dame is German for Queen of Spades." Pique Dame is *French* for Queen of Spades. Of course, it is likely that the Germans, with their fondness for occasionally using French terms, might head the German version with the French title. But that doesn't make it German.

CLARE PEELER.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *According to the "Everyman's Dictionary of Music," compiled by Eric Blom, "Pique Dame" is "the name sometimes given in English to Tchaikovsky's opera 'The Queen of Spades,' with a French pronunciation. It is the German title, not the correct French translation. There is no such term in French, the correct words being 'dame de pique'."*

Acoustic Records, 1910-1925

▶ IS THERE A comprehensive reference book listing European, as well as American recordings released in the period from 1910 to 1925? I am aware of, and own, the following reference books: 1.) R. Bauer, "Historical Records 1898-1909"; 2.) "The Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia of Recorded Music"; 3.) Julian Morton Moses, "American Recordings 1895-1925"; 4.) Clough & Cuming, "Worlds Encyclopedia of Recorded Music" (1925-1951). However, these leave a gap for the period from 1910 to 1925.

J. C. MAILLARD.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Moses book mentioned above covers the 1910-25 period, but only for recordings originating in America. That leaves a fifteen-year production in Europe at present unlisted in book form. Some time ago Robert Bauer promised a supplementary volume covering this period. Does anyone know how this work in progress is progressing?*

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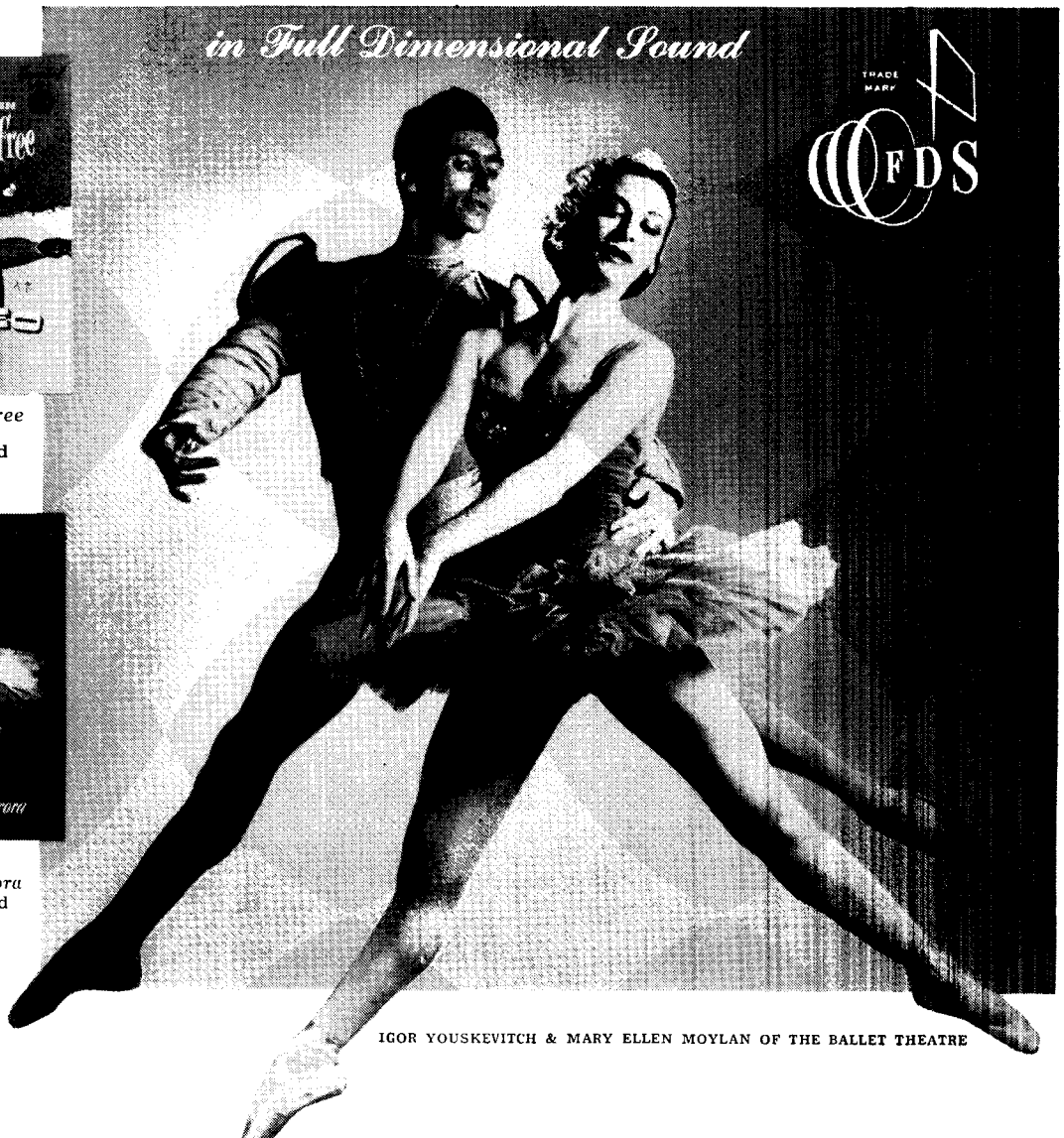

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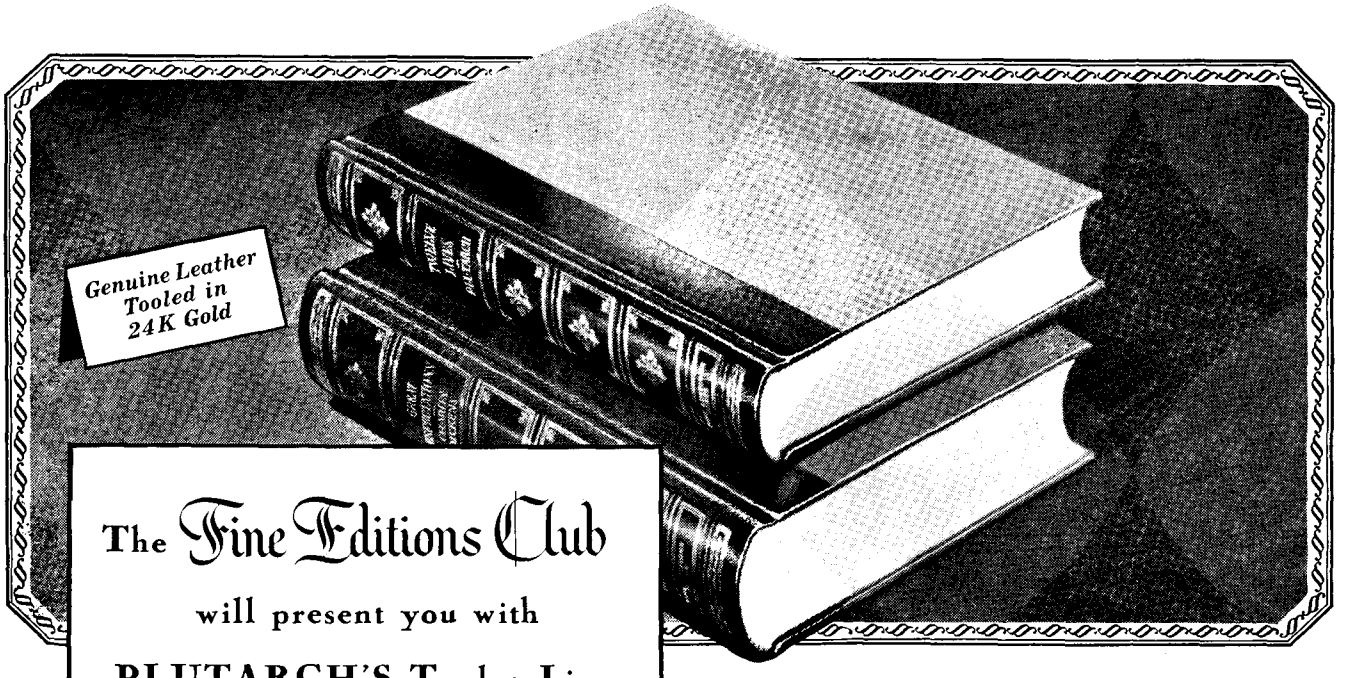

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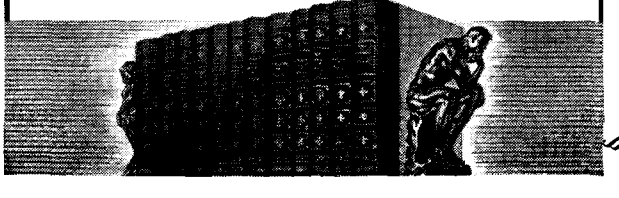

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